THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

Domestic Affairs in Britain

THE House of Commons met after the summer vacation in an apathetic mood, broken by one disorderly interlude during a debate upon the coal situation, and with an even more apathetic public. Although Liberals and Laborists are equally eager to overthrow the Baldwin Government, the former hastened to align themselves with the Conservatives against Labor's proposal to levy a graduated surtax of ten per cent on all unearned incomes of more than five hundred pounds a year, in order to finance new social services like child endowment, and to provide higher wages in declining industries. The British municipal elections, which have nothing directly to do with the standing of the parties in Parliament, resulted in substantial Labor gains, while both the Liberals and the Conservatives lost heavily. There are now seven towns in Great Britain with a Socialist majority, the most important of which is Sheffield; but Labor's strength in the municipal councils is still a long way behind its strength in Parliament.

Foreign and Imperial Policies

The failure of the Geneva Naval Limitation Conference continues to trouble the British mind. Lord Rothermere is denouncing the country's heavy defense budget in his newspapers and urging a new conference from which naval experts shall be rigorously excluded. Lord Grey has taken up the theme in a widely quoted speech, and even the Foreign Minister himself has felt called upon to apologize for the Cabinet's failure at Geneva. Partly as an evidence of good faith in its professed policy of armaments economy, the Government will, it is said, lay down this year but one of the three cruisers recently authorized.

In Ireland the Government has strengthened its narrow majority by winning a by-election. A hint of the country's gloomy mood appears in the following protest from the *Irish Statesman*, against the constant harping upon hard times: 'We wonder whether the country is truly economically decadent compared with its pre-war condition, as so many people assume. Dublin

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certainly looks a finer and cleaner city than it did. When we go over the country we find in places where a quarter of a century ago there were still mud cabins that comfortable, if not beautiful, two-story houses built of stone have replaced most of these. Even in a congested district a considerable number of farmers own motor cars, and these are continually whizzing up and down the roads. The roads are greatly improved. The complaints of undue devotion to dances and other amusements which are made in almost every county seem irreconcilable with the increasing poverty which some platform orators announce. We do not say that everything is satisfactory, but our opinion is that the general standard of living is higher than it was before the European War. There has been a shifting of employment. There is much less consumption of drink. It is really rare now to see drunken men, and we remember a quarter of a century ago, not a few, but whole crowds, intoxicated on fair days. We are inclined to think there is really less misery but that it is much more vocal, and that is a good sign.'

Abyssinia

Press dispatches have already informed American readers of the excitement caused in England by the announcement that the Government of Abyssinia had contracted with a New York engineering firm to build a dam across the Blue Nile at Lake Tsana. This lake is within Abyssinian territories, and as much under the sovereignty of that country as is Lake Nicaragua under the sovereignty of President Díaz. We have previously discussed at length the ticklish Abyssinian question, which tends to resolve itself into a problem where Great Britain, France, and Italy form the three sides of a triangle and Abyssinia a geometrical point without extent. England avers that her treaty of 1902 obligates Abyssinia not to allow any works on the Blue Nile which will affect the flow of waters below unless the governments of Sudan and Great Britain consent. Naturally Sudan and Egypt have a vital interest in the matter, but it is hard to see how the construction of a retention dam, which will merely enlarge the natural reservoir at the source of the river and enable Abyssinia to use the water-head within her own dominions for national purposes like local irrigation and the production of hydroelectric power, will materially affect the interests of regions farther north. *Corriere della Sera* characterizes the contract as 'a symptomatic illustration of American economic financial expansion, which disregards all sentimental factors. It is important also to observe that this expansion is rapidly extending from Asia Minor, where it made its first essays after the war, to Central and Eastern Africa. Does this mean that Washington is developing an African policy?' Pertinax, in *Écho de Paris*, is inclined to chuckle over the incident, apparently preferring Uncle Sam as a neighbor in Abyssinia to either John Bull or Mussolini. The British press draws some consolation from the thought that Egypt will side with England in the dispute, and thus become more reconciled to her present political status.

Indian Commission

The Empire's capital is just now brooding over India's future. That country's present Constitution, which is in force provisionally until the end of 1929, is to be liberalized by a sort of Jones Act, the outlines of which are to be recommended by a parliamentary commission just appointed. Both the personnel of the Commission, however, and the prin-

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ciple which governed its selection are under attack. The Indians insist on native representation upon it, which is much as if the Filipinos should demand representation upon the House Committee of Insular Affairs when a new bill for the government of the Philippines is under consideration. Others argue that the Commission should consist of constitutional experts and experienced Indian officials. The Government has held, however, that the body must be exclusively parliamentary, since its sole purpose is to advise Parliament as to a definite act of legislation. This decision is approved by the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. The former characterizes as 'vicious' the doctrine that 'such commissions ought to be representative of the disputants,' and contends that they 'ought to be impartial, and the adequacy of causes ought to be left to the witnesses summoned before them.' Hindu Liberals as well as the Swarajists threaten to boycott the Commission, as the Egyptians boycotted a somewhat similar body appointed by the British Government to investigate conditions in that country a few years ago. The Chairman, Sir John Simon, is a distinguished Liberal lawyer and ex-cabinet minister, and a Labor member is also 'among those present.'

French Parties Deploy for Battle

The Chamber of Deputies, like the House of Commons, met after the vacation to face a ministry temporarily impregnable, and, like its sister legislative body, looked forward to a dull session as a consequence. New elections are due to take place in France next May or earlier. The principal job before the present session is to pass the Budget, which has been balanced, but with no margin to meet an economic decline or a sudden call for emergency expenditures. Happily, the bill has survived its stormy handling in committee without important modifications. That alone represents a victory for Poincaré and the National Union. On the other hand, the Radical Party Congress has voted to march with the Socialists, which presumably means that it will go to the polls next spring definitely repudiating the present National Union, or quasi-Conservative alliance. This means that the division of candidates into two broad groups will be approximately the same as it was four years ago. Meanwhile, ex-President Millerand, who virtually vanished from public life after the defeat of his policies in 1924, has just been elected to the Senate. Whether that is a straw showing the drift of French political opinion still remains to be seen.

Beyond the Rhine

This has been an almost newsless half-month from political Germany, where public attention has been diverted from party programmes and manœuvres to questions of public finance. Local elections indicate, however, that the popular vote is swinging toward the Left. Warsaw and the northern capitals have nothing of international significance to report except the slowly subsiding Polish-Lithuanian flare-up. Russia looms too vaguely in the mist that shrouds the continent from the Baltic to the Urals to present firm outlines to the eye of a distant observer. The London *Economist* sees in Trotskii's fall a defeat of cosmopolitanism — in the Communist version — analogous to that of the defeat of the pro-Leaguers in America. 'The choice that confronts Russia — as it confronts the British Empire and the United States — is the choice between the pursuit of the ideal of self-sufficiency and the acceptance of the fact of world unity. For each country, of course, the problem presents itself in different concrete

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forms. For America it is a question of entering or holding aloof from the League of Nations, for the British Empire of engaging in or refraining from commitments on the European continent, for Russia of propagating or ceasing to propagate world revolution. . . . Trotskii is a convinced believer in world unity, and this is the key to his policy and to the conflict with Stalin into which that policy has brought him. In Trotskii's view the Russian urban proletariat cannot hope to retain the fruits of the Marxian Revolution, which it has efficiently carried out since 1917, if that success remains confined to the Russian proletariat alone.' Stalin's cosmopolitanism is apparently the more orthodox kind, to infer from his announcement that Russia would participate in present disarmament discussions at Geneva. That unexpected offer caused a flurry among European peace doves. France fears that, notwithstanding Arcos raids and diplomatic breaks, the Soviet representatives will ally themselves with those of Great Britain and Germany in opposing a policy of guaranties, such as are contemplated in the Geneva Protocol. In other words, Russia is likely to advocate disarmament as a condition preliminary to security, rather than security as a condition preliminary to disarmament.

Forgeries and Forecasts

Thanks to the personal grievance of a certain Michael Holzmann, one of the many Russian émigrés who have had difficulties with the Berlin police, a colossal plot to smuggle bonds out of Hungary into France has been exposed. These bonds, originally unstamped, were entered in Paris as the property of foreigners, who thus were enabled to collect thirty per cent of the face value of the securities, although the original paper was almost worthless. No less than twenty million gold marks' worth of these securities had been circulated in this way since 1924, when the game began. Even more important than the magnitude of the fraud itself are the men who have been engaged in it. A French senator close to Millerand and the mayor of a French city have been arrested as accomplices, and various bank employees in Berlin have also been seized. The archconspirators are two Blumenstein brothers who escaped being clapped into jail with a third brother a few years ago. But without the coöperation of high French officials the enterprise could never have been carried on so long and so successfully, and the fact that it was revealed purely as a matter of spite gives a fair indication of how cynically the whole business has been conducted.

The July riots in Vienna have led to a thorough house-cleaning of the Austrian Social Democratic Party, which predominates in the capital, but which is outnumbered in the country at large by Premier Seipel's Christian Socialists. The last conclave decided that at all costs the unity of labor must be preserved and that the support of the petty bourgeois must be gained; otherwise nothing could be accomplished by democratic means. The Party has been organized more thoroughly so that the Left Wing element that got in control last summer cannot repeat the bloody success they gained on that occasion. A friendly call at Vienna by Chancellor Marx and Foreign Minister Stresemann — who assured the press that their visit had no political motive — passed without arousing the protests west of the Rhine that it would have occasioned a few years ago. Indeed, some Frenchmen may have secretly welcomed it as tending to counteract Mussolini's alleged Fascist designs upon the little republic. In the meantime Germany

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and Austria are in a process of non-political fusion. A letter from Berlin costs the same whether addressed to Vienna or to Hamburg, the penal codes of the two countries are being assimilated, their army organizations are practically identical, and a *zollvereinsche* commercial treaty between them is said to be incubating.

Italy and the Mediterranean

The war of editors that started the moment the treaty between France and Yugoslavia was announced continues with undiminished violence. The signatures followed negotiations officially declared to have been begun as far back as 1923, which were delayed in the hope that a tripartite agreement, a sort of Adriatic Locarno, might be concluded with Italy and Yugoslavia simultaneously. The *Saturday Review* characterizes the treaty as 'thoroughly bad,' however, and asserts that it 'only remotely resembles the bilateral treaties of Locarno,' and denounces it as 'just as dangerous as Italy's treaty last year with Albania, to which, of course, it is a reply.' In fact, the new treaty of alliance between Italy and Albania, announced since this was written, justifies the last assumption. *La Tribuna* thus pitches into Belgrade: 'Yugoslavia, by violently repudiating the Treaty of Tirana, by breaking off diplomatic relations with Albania, and by her aggressive attitude toward Bulgaria, has evidently intrigued to involve irretrievably a certain Great Power [France] in her affairs.' Rather oddly to American eyes, this paper attributes the whole thing to an international Masonic plot, suggestive of the international Jewish conspiracies of which Mr. Ford's house organ at one time made so much. This happens, unfortunately, immediately after the visit of an Italian naval squadron at Tangier had reminded us that the Morocco problem is still unsolved and may be as pregnant with unpleasant surprises as it was in the days of the Kaiser's landing and the Agadir incident. Primo de Rivera's staunchest champion among the Madrid dailies, the Clerical *El Debate*, inspired partly by King Alfonso's recent visit to Naples, welcomed Italy's demonstration as evidence of her 'Mediterranean solidarity' with Spain, and proudly proclaimed both countries Fascist and dictatorial to the core.

Its Master's Voice

Mussolini apparently intends to make a clean sweep of parliamentary institutions, by substituting for the present Chamber an appointive body virtually selected by the Fascist Party Executive. The delegates will represent the new public bodies set up to replace the old labor unions, and employers and professional organizations, and they will sit merely in an advisory capacity. Spain's National Assembly, which Mussolini seems to be copying to some extent, has met at length with a maximum attendance of scarcely three fourths of its members, and an average attendance considerably under that. To the reported indignation of its creator, some of the appointees ventured to question the Government regarding its acts and policies — in particular concerning emigration, industrial conditions, and school reforms. Certain of these questions were so couched as to imply rather severe criticism of the gentleman in office; but the questioners were sadly 'cramped in their style' by the official limitation of speeches to twenty minutes. That curtailment, which would be embarrassing to Washingtonian oratory, and clearly must be fatal to Hispanic eloquence, seems to have amounted to virtual censorship upon vocal animadversions against the Directory. The press is already censored — indeed, so rigidly that Primo's

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most loyal supporters, *El Debate* and *A. B. C.*, are beginning to be restless under this increasing tyranny. In fact, the public and the world at large know practically nothing of the drastic — some say inhuman — measures taken by the Government against the striking miners of Asturia, and of other incidents that might make an unpleasant impression upon the public.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha's oral review of his dictatorship, of which we recently printed extracts in the *Living Age*, prompts Sir Valentine Chirol to observe that Kemal's greatest work is the elimination of the dominant Islamic faction in the old Ottoman Empire. 'One could well have understood,' he says, 'that Mustapha Kemal should have wished to dissociate the Caliphate from the old Ottoman dynasty which he had overthrown; but that he should have attacked the Caliphate itself, the most ancient of Islamic institutions, and destroyed it in Turkey, where it had become the keystone of Turkish power and prestige, and in many other parts of the Islamic world, far beyond the frontiers of Turkey, gives the measure of his courage, and, it may well be added, to his credit, of his sincerity. For he claims — and not, we believe, without reason — that if he had liked he could easily have made himself Caliph.' This is the aspect of the Turkish revolution and of Mustapha Kemal's dictatorship which is unquestionably of greater interest than any other to Englishmen, for it shows them that the faith of Islam is not 'immutable,' and should therefore not be overestimated as a political force.

Turkey has just completed the first census in her history. The enumeration was entrusted to a Belgian expert assisted by native agents, and was preceded by a campaign of education. As a final precaution against evasion, moreover, the whole population was ordered to remain indoors throughout the census period of forty-eight hours. According to the returns New Turkey's population approaches fourteen million, of whom only a little more than one million, including the seven hundred thousand in Constantinople and its suburbs, live on the European side of the Straits. Partly as a result of the recent wars, women outnumber men. Since the young republic is four times as large as Germany, it affords abundant room for the population to expand.

Active military operations have quieted down in China with the approach of the inclement season, leaving Chang Tso-lin in possession of Peking and Nationalists of different hues and stripes contending for possession of the country to the southward. Nanking troops have occupied Hankow, dispossessing Borodin's ultra-Communist successors, and a Red Party has come to the front at Canton, where it signalized its advent to power by proclaiming a new boycott against British goods in retaliation for the vigorous campaign which the British have waged against coast pirates in the vicinity of Hongkong. At latest reports, however, this trouble has been patched up after an English naval demonstration, and the embargo on British trade has been lifted. Probably an average American, privileged to travel freely over the old Chinese Empire with adequate access to sources of local information, would return to his native land more impressed with contemporary development in the border provinces, particularly Manchuria and Mongolia, than with any other single feature of her condition. A great wave of agricultural invasion is sweeping across the pastoral prairies of North-Central Asia, resembling the occupation a generation ago of the great interior prairie lands of North

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America. Railway extensions, carried out in defiance of political and commercial unsettlement, and the automobile speed up the tempo of this movement. Japan and Russia are competing with the Chinese themselves to control it. But ethnologically the phenomenon is almost purely Chinese. It promises to substitute wheat for rice as the staple of life of millions of Orientals, to introduce extensive farming with modern machinery in a continent of ancient peasant agriculture, and perhaps to recast the whole political problem of Asia.

Japan's first local elections under the universal suffrage law were reassuring for the old parties. Apparently the peasants and proletariat did not rise en masse to destroy them. As of old, the party in power had things mostly its own way. Several months before the voting there was a general shifting of governors, higher officers, and police heads throughout the provinces whose new local councils were to be chosen. Opposition candidates and party workers were kept under strict surveillance, and were imprisoned under the most trivial pretexts. Even though they were released almost immediately, since no evidence existed against them, many voters and candidates were intimidated. This polling, however, was merely a political skirmish before the general election for Parliament next year.

Latin America

Mexico, which ought to stand in the forefront of a review of Latin American conditions, is a strangely unvocal country just at present. President Calles seems to have its government as firmly in hand as has Pilsudski that of Poland, Mussolini that of Italy, or Primo that of Spain, and it is suggestive that papers of the standing of *El Universal* publish editorials upon 'the decadence of parliaments' and laudatory accounts of the Spanish dictatorship. With the elimination of all rival candidates, the coming presidential election promises to be an automatic transfer of power from one duumvir to another. Meanwhile the life of the people apparently runs on much as usual. The local press records occasional crimes of violence, as do the papers of our own cities. Football games and tennis championships, society events and new public improvements, occupy the major portion of its columns. Much good work seems to have been done in extending the public schools and improving the public health service. The recent local elections in Nicaragua, in which the Liberals won heavily at the polls even in Granada, the old Conservative stronghold, suggest that the party in control of the national government has been injured rather than aided by the protection of the United States. Arturo Alessandri, twice President of Chile, and the picturesque, Bryanesque, silver-tongued champion of her common people, is again in exile, together with a notable galaxy of politicians, including four ex-Ministers of Foreign Affairs — one of whom was former Chilean Ambassador to the United States — and the director of a leading Santiago daily. It is not quite clear why these gentlemen have been ordered to leave the country, although it is rumored that a conspiracy against President Ibáñez's quasi dictatorship was the cause. In any case, Argentine Liberals gave the exiles an enthusiastic reception upon their arrival at Buenos Aires, thus cooling somewhat good feeling between the two governments. Some constraint has also arisen in the relations between Argentina and Italy because Mussolini demands that Italian settlements in South America shall possess, in addition to their autonomous control of school and church questions, special administrative and political

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rights. Italy also refuses to recognize the validity of the Argentine law which makes the children of Italian subjects born in that country Argentine citizens. In fact, Mussolini is said rather to discountenance Italian emigration to Latin America, because so many of the country's departing sons are lost forever for their fatherland, and to encourage their settlement in Africa, where they will remain under the Italian flag.

THAT DREADFUL RUSSIAN BEAR

BRIAND. 'Don't annoy the animals.' — *L'Écho de Paris*

WHO STARTED THE WAR?

FRENCH WAR INVALID TO GERMAN WAR INVALID. 'They'll be blaming us next.' — *L'Humanité, Paris*

BUSINESS ABROAD

A SHRINKAGE of security values, especially of industrial shares, occurred on the leading foreign stock exchanges last month. Almost simultaneously bank rates were increased in several countries. The most marked decline was in Germany following the publication of the Gilbert memorandum. The lethargy of the Paris Bourse was ascribed largely to local conditions. After a boom of several months a sharp fall occurred in London stock quotations, partly due to profit taking and partly to a stringent money market which caused banks to curtail brokers' loans. Partial recovery has followed this break in prices as it has in the United States, but the market level still rules below the previous peak. Among hopeful factors in the world's business situation is this year's excellent harvest, which comes as a more welcome blessing because untoward weather conditions for a time seemed to threaten last summer's crops. According to the International Institute of Agriculture, the northern hemisphere raised more wheat, rye, barley, oats, and potatoes than it did last year and than it has upon an average since 1921. Indian corn is the only important grain crop that shows a shrinkage. Linen spinners also forecast a shortage of flax. The

Stocks Go Down

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International Diplomatic Conference representing thirty-four States, which met at Geneva on October 17, adjourned on November 7 after approving the draft of a Convention by which the signatory governments undertake to abolish, subject to certain qualifications, many of the export prohibitions and restrictions now hampering international trade. These do not include customs duties and purely fiscal regulations, but do embrace uniform tariff definitions and classifications. The Convention promises to be an important step toward ending the retaliatory trade policies, inspired by political jealousies rather than economic motives, that have done so much to hamper European commerce since the war.

Bedside Reports from British Industry

British Industries, the official organ of the Federation of British Industries, believes the country is nearing the end of the depression. 'It seems reasonable to anticipate that next year should witness a definite upward turn in the international price level, accompanied by a fall in our bank rate and an inflow of gold sufficient to reëstablish that feeling of confidence in the stability of underlying conditions which the business community requires before it is prepared to undertake long-term commitments.' The *Economist*, whose editor has recently been discoursing interestingly to American audiences, fears that the prediction is 'too good to be true,' although 'it seems an act of callous cruelty to shake this new belief,' and doubts whether such speedy recovery is possible as long as the Bank of France remains an interrogation point in international finance and Central Europe is compelled to borrow from the United States to meet its current obligations. Britain, in the opinion of this journal, is convalescent, but recovering her strength very slowly. It quotes the October bulletin of the London and Cambridge Economic Service that 'there is no immediate prospect of substantial recovery in the industries where unemployment is heaviest, production far below the potentiality of the plant, and exports unsatisfactory, especially coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, and cotton.' The *Statist* distrusts all such prophets, whether of the pink-spectacled or the blue-spectacled school, on the ground that 'the technique of business forecasting is as yet in an exceedingly crude state.' It attributes the optimistic mood of the Federation of British Industries largely to the recent reduction in the Federal Reserve Bank rate in our own country. Its editor is skeptical as to the permanent efficacy of such relief, but finds more substantial ground for hope in the abatement of foreign competition against Britain's heavy industries due to the stabilization of Continental currencies, the growing prosperity of the South American market, and the shaking down of overexpanded industrial enterprises at home typified by the Vickers-Armstrong fusion.

Sir Herbert Hambling, a prominent financier, is among the optimists. He points out that, though British unemployment is still large, the numbers actually at work are greater than before the war. Some industries, such as artificial silk, motors, and electrical engineering, are making dramatic progress. Since the war Britain has spent more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ billion dollars on roads and more than 3 billion dollars upon additional houses for her workers. The chief sufferers from the present depression are backward and poorly equipped manufacturers. Foreign trade continues to expand, though imports are increasing considerably faster than exports. During the first ten months of 1927, however, Great

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Britain increased her foreign shipments of iron and steel manufactures by nearly 50 million dollars.

On the other hand, the coal mines in every district in the United Kingdom operated at a loss, ranging from 4*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* a ton, during the second quarter of 1927, — the last for which figures are available, — on account of falling prices in the international market, and the breakdown of the British Cotton Yarn Association, which began to function last April for the purpose of maintaining minimum prices and curtailing output, has again thrown spinners into despair. The failure of this pool, like that of similar American pools at certain gloomy periods in our textile history, is attributed to the violation of the agreement by companies desperately anxious to get business and to the refusal of many important spinners to enter the association.

Vickers-Armstrong

We have previously had occasion to mention the heavy losses since the war of Vickers, Ltd., and Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Company, Ltd., the two great British armaments and shipbuilding firms, and the reorganization of their financial structure necessitated by imprudent extensions at that period. Vickers, Ltd., wrote off 60 million dollars of dead capital. Armstrong's has not yet so drastically eliminated its profitless connections, but it is understood to have over 50 million dollars of virtually dead assets which must be written off before its balance sheet tells a true story. These embarrassments have now eventuated in an amalgamation of the two firms, announced for January 1, which will embrace their naval shipbuilding, armaments, and heavy and special steel departments, or about 75 per cent of the activities of the parent companies. Vickers, which is much the stronger concern of the two, will, it is assumed, be the dominant partner in the combination.

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company faces an equally drastic cut of capital from 20 million dollars to about 12 million dollars. It is understood that between 8 and 9 million dollars of the original investment have been lost or are unrepresented by available assets. Furthermore, this is only the last of a series of writings-down, the total of which amounts to nearly 30 million dollars. England announces the perfection of a new kind of artificial silk produced by the Neura Art Silk Company, Ltd., after the patent of a Vienna inventor, Lilienfeld. This material is said to have greater tensile strength than any other artificial fibre hitherto produced, to retain its strength when wet, and to stand washing.

France

Despite the appreciation of the franc, France's total note circulation remains close to its maximum figure, or in round numbers 55 billion francs, compared with 57 billion francs in August 1926. Of course, the purchasing power of these notes is now much greater than that of last year's total, the value of the franc having doubled during the interval and wholesale prices having fallen more than 25 per cent. Meanwhile savings deposits are increasing rapidly, having mounted nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion francs the current year. An inflation of credit due to the enormous inflow of capital from other countries since the first of the year dominates the financial situation. Yet, as we have previously pointed out, investors are seeking short-term government loans in preference to industrial investments on account of the uncertainty as to the ultimate stabilization point of the franc. The roundabout operation by which the Swedish Match Company, through the International Match Cor-

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poration, has assisted M. Poincaré refund France's 1920 eight-per-cent American loan, partly by borrowing 50 million dollars in New York, incidentally illustrates this state of mind. According to the French ministerial statement, that country's match monopoly is in no way affected by the transaction. Next year's Budget proposes expenditures of over 3 million francs for modernizing the state factories, the equipment of most of which is over thirty years old. As a result of the latter condition, the French monopoly now imports over two thirds of the safety matches which it sells. It will buy its raw materials and machinery from the Swedish Match Company, but it had previously done so in any case. Nevertheless, everybody assumes that the match trust has received some quid pro quo. The paradoxical twist in the transaction is the fact that the French Government finds it cheaper to borrow abroad through private sources than to borrow at home, in spite of an obvious plethora of local money. French investors apparently have not forgotten how seriously they burned their fingers through the shrinkage in value of their securities at the time of the inflation crisis, for, though they have abundant funds available, the Marseille Chamber of Commerce has found it impossible to borrow money for port improvements under 14½ per cent; and mortgages on house property in Paris command from 9 to 11 per cent net, after deducting taxes.

Germany

A project seriously mooted in Germany to appoint a Reichs Reparations Commissioner, apparently with authority to deal with such questions as those brought up by Mr. Gilbert in his recent note, aroused the wrath of the editor of *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* as an unworthy scheme to 'pass the buck' in a difficult national emergency to a scapegoat bureaucrat. 'A cabinet minister who permitted his responsibility for Reparations policy to be assumed by a commissioner is as inconceivable as a cabinet that would turn over all the political responsibilities associated with Reparations to a committee of "experts" in order to evade criticism.'

The Vereinigte Stahlwerke A.-G., the German steel trust which has borrowed heavily in America, startled German investors by raising in its last report the question of the firm's ability to earn a profit. Rumors that dividends may be suspended accentuated this alarm. The Company increased the output of all its principal products — coal, coke, pig iron, and steel ingots — during the past year, and is employing more men than ever before. Its sales have increased correspondingly, and its unfilled orders are one third greater than a year ago. Plant improvements and better organization tend to reduce costs of production, but higher wages and social charges, and declining quotations for iron and steel in the world market, have prevented the increase in net income that this progress would otherwise justify. The Company is criticized in the German press for not making public as complete or as frequent reports of its operations and condition as those made by the United States Steel Corporation. A financial writer in *Vossische Zeitung* believes the Trust's financial structure must be reformed and its capital reduced, and asserts that some of the constituent companies were taken into the combine at a higher capitalization than their assets justified; but this suggestion is vigorously denounced by *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* as unwarranted. A national system of gas supply is slowly taking shape in Germany, despite the bitter opposition of local producers. The present depression in the coal in-

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dustry has probably accelerated action in this direction. At least, the big Ruhr coal companies are taking active steps to supply gas at low rates to municipalities and industrial consumers, by long-distance lines similar to those already serving natural gas fields of the United States. The operators of this district have an organization for the joint promotion of such projects, together with plans for liquefying coal and manufacturing nitrogenous by-products. Simultaneously, the Rhenish-Westphalian Electrical Company, which is generating power for a large section of Germany directly in the coal fields, proposes to connect its high-tension transmission lines with those of the hydroelectric system of South Germany and the Alpine stations in a great superpower project. On October 24 the law establishing a Prussian Electrical Corporation was published. Its purpose is to bring the three principal electric power companies owned by the Prussian Government under unified control. Germany is mourning the decline of her Oriental rug trade. Her merchants were among the world's principal middlemen in this business before the war. During the conflict, the United States absorbed practically all the pre-war rugs in the market, and they are now held at a price that makes it no longer possible for Europeans to trade in them. Consequently dealers are trying to convince buyers that the rugs made in Persia and the neighboring countries to-day are quite as good as those of 1910 or earlier. To quote one writer, 'Both are made by hand from the same quality of wool, coming from flocks grazed upon the high plateaus of Central Asia. . . . The nomads are still dyeing their carpet wool with vegetable dyes. Rugs made in factories use the best aniline dyes, and Persia forbids the export of rugs dyed with the older aniline colors.'

Our 60-million-dollar loan to Poland was generally welcomed by the foreign business press, even though it was coupled with American financial oversight. The Warsaw commercial correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* wrote: 'One hears a good deal of talk to the effect that the financial controller will insist upon a peaceful foreign policy, a decrease of armaments, better treatment of Poland's national minorities, and many other things. This is to be taken with a grain of salt. The Yankees can be counted upon not to overload their wagon with such unnecessary baggage. They will limit their attention to two things — earning a banker's profit, and booming Poland. They will labor to stabilize the currency, to broaden the market for imports, and to do whatever favors a continuance of American financial supremacy in this part of the world. . . . We must admit that this will likewise benefit German-Polish relations.' The statistical department of the Bank of Finland reports that the country has 15 per cent more land in cultivation, and an agricultural output one third larger, than before the war. Since 1913, moreover, the gross product of manufacturing industries has risen about 43 per cent. Vienna's Socialist municipal government has recently published an ordinance providing for a public guaranty of 70 per cent of their invoice value upon Russian orders placed on credit in that city, to the amount of approximately 15 million dollars.

A Russian Economic Mission visited Japan last October, partly to arrange for the importation of agricultural and industrial machinery to Siberia, and partly to study rice farming in the Island Empire. The Soviet authorities have already planted a considerable area in Eastern Siberia in rice, and have set apart a much larger tract for the extension of this crop. It is proposed to

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employ Japanese experts in the business.

The Empire's Centrifugal Industries

India, like Australia, South Africa, and Canada, is making rapid industrial progress. Since the war her iron and steel works and her cotton and paper mills have increased their output almost sensationally, and manufactured goods account for a smaller proportion of her total imports, and bulk larger in her exports, with each succeeding year. Coördinate with this, the proportion of India's imports which come from Great Britain has fallen since 1913 from 64 per cent to 48 per cent, the chief declines being in cotton piece goods, iron and steel, railway plant and rolling stock, cement, paper, and pasteboard. A survey of Himalayan water powers further emphasizes this trend toward industrial self-sufficiency. In the Punjab alone more than two million horsepower is said to be available for hydroelectric development. Australia, like India, is buying relatively fewer British goods in proportion to her total imports than she did some years ago, and last year more than 300 million dollars' worth of competitive manufactures entered the Commonwealth from lands that do not fly the Union Jack. Clearly the existing tariff preference is not enough to give the mother country a monopoly of this market, which among other things took, in 1926, 65 million dollars' worth of non-Empire motor cars and bicycles. The Commonwealth's pastoral industries are doing well, to judge by the earnings of Dalgety and Company, one of the largest and best-known firms in this branch of business in the world. Its dividends, which ranged between 7 and 8 per cent before the war, have been 17 per cent since 1924, while it has carried forward annually to reserves about $1\frac{1}{4}$ million dollars. The Australian Government has at length decided to dispose of the Commonwealth Line, the steamship service inaugurated with a considerable blare of trumpets immediately after the war, subject to the proviso that the vessels remain under the British flag and that the new owners shall maintain for ten years to come a service equivalent to that hitherto afforded.

Wages and Budgets in the Orient

A budgetary study of the working classes in Japan just completed by the Government gives the average income of salaried family heads as $57 a month, of which $49 represents earnings and $8 revenue from property. In the class receiving daily wages, the average income is about $47, of which $43 represents earnings and $4 receipts from other sources. A study of farm budgets gathered by the Imperial Ministry of Agriculture from the expense accounts of one hundred typical households in different parts of Japan indicates that the average expenditure for a family of seven is about $540, of which $319 is paid for food and $48 for clothing. A similar investigation made by the Research Department of the South Manchuria Railway, a Japanese corporation, indicates that Japanese settlers in Manchuria, where the average size of a family is five, spend $495 a year, of which $241 is for food and $60 for clothing. Chinese farm households in the same province are much larger, averaging nine members, yet their average annual expenses are but $351, of which $212 is for food and $58 for clothing, the other items being housing, fuel, light, education, health, social expenses, and sundries.

Japan

Tokyo clearing-house returns, which were suppressed from the bank crisis last March until the first of October, show a slight increase in total deposits, which is confined, however, to the five leading

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banks, the others showing a marked decline. The Japanese Nitrogen Fertilizer Company is erecting an immense plant in North Korea, to cost 50 million dollars and to have an output of 300,000 tons of nitrogen products a year. This Company is already making 40,000 tons annually at its existing plant. Other large companies are already on a producing basis.

Latin America

So much attention has been given to currency stabilization and general monetary reform in Europe since the war that we are apt to forget the substantial progress that has been made in Latin America during the same period. Argentina, Chile, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela have the gold standard. Brazil has completed the preliminary steps of currency reconstruction, and is expected to return to the rank of gold-standard nations in the near future. Paraguay, whose peso fluctuated in sympathy with that of Argentina, is likewise expected to resume a gold basis shortly. Uruguay has not yet reëstablished the convertability of her paper notes into gold, but can probably do so without embarrassment.

Among evidences of Latin America's rapid progress toward economic maturity is the increase of savings bank deposits. Until within a very few years the rather infrequent accumulator of ready money, especially in the less stable republics, cherished a deep-seated and well-justified distrust of banks and other financial institutions, which were likely to be upset by revolutions or conducted with political purposes in view. Venezuela, thriving under a family dictatorship that has remained unshaken for a full generation, seems to have emerged, at least for the time being, from this stage of politico-economic evolution, for within the last seven years the savings department of the National Bank shows a threefold increase in deposits from one million to three million bolivars. Uruguay, which is hardly in the same class with Venezuela, and is politically and racially perhaps the most advanced of any of the South American republics, reports an equally remarkable growth of postal savings deposits. Since the system was established in 1920, 25,000 depositors, of whom 18,000 are children, in a population of 1,700,000, have entrusted savings amounting to over $600,000 gold to the new institution. Despite the unsettled conditions in Mexico, the Mexican Light and Power Company, a British corporation, reports a satisfactory improvement in gross and net earnings for the year 1926. Since 1924 the amount of electricity generated by the Company has risen from 523 million K.W.H. to 593 million K.W.H., and its net income from less than 9 million to more than 9½ million dollars Mexican.

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MARS GLOWERING IN THE BALKANS[1]

BY AN EXPERT ON THE SPOT

ONCE again a critical situation has arisen in the Balkans, which, if the Great Powers follow their customary policy of drift, may easily, and in the opinion of responsible authorities probably will, lead within a few years to a conflagration.

Diplomatic experts on the spot with whom I discussed the situation are seriously concerned over the apparent impossibility of reconciling Italian and Yugoslav policy in the Balkans — the Yugoslavs standing for the Gladstonian principle of 'the Balkans for the Balkan peoples,' while Italy claims a special predominance in the Balkan Peninsula.

Signor Mussolini himself has predicted the 'dangerous period' as between 1930 and 1935. In other words, he indicates the prospect of a clash between Italy and Yugoslavia, perhaps within the next two and almost certainly within the next eight years — a conflict which it might be impossible to localize.

So far the conflict between the Italian and Yugoslav policies has been fought with diplomatic weapons. There is now a grave danger that diplomatic weapons may give place to military ones, if, as seems to be the trend, the Duce intends to force his present expansionist policy to its logical conclusion.

By the Treaty of Tirana Italy has established over Albania a virtual protectorate, enabling her to intervene there with an army to support the present régime of Ahmed Zogu Bey, the dictator, who is an Italian puppet, against attack, external or internal.

This means in effect that any revolt against the present Albanian Government, whether a spontaneous internal uprising on the part of discontented tribes or a rebellion engineered by Albanian political émigrés in Yugoslavia, could be made the pretext of an Italian occupation of the country.

The extent and reality of this danger may be gauged from the fact that the disaffected Northern tribes, largely as the result of poor economic conditions, are in a state of potential outbreak and a big movement of revolt on their part is expected at any moment.

Acting on the advice of a disinterested diplomatic quarter, the Belgrade Government has moved the Albanian political émigrés from the Serbo-Albanian border districts up into Bosnia, where they are less able to indulge in revolutionary intrigues.

This should make it more difficult for Signor Mussolini to launch another accusation of Yugoslav connivance at Albanian revolutionary plots, but it does not remove the ever-present danger of Italian intervention to suppress an internal revolt.

Italy's occupation of Albania would establish an Italian foothold on the Balkan Peninsula, and although Yugoslavia does not want war and would not fire the first shot, because she needs a long period of peace in which to consolidate her political position and to develop her economic resources, never-

[1] From the *Westminster Gazette* (Independent Liberal daily), *November* 11, 12, 14

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theless this would constitute a challenge which, I am informed, she could not ignore. An Italian landing on the Albanian mainland would be the signal for the Yugoslav army to give battle.

I have arrived after exhaustive investigations at this conclusion, which is substantiated by the views of competent neutral observers on the spot, having special sources of information. I have seen the secret service reports of the local observers of a great Power not directly interested in Europe, — reports which are endorsed with but few reservations by two other neutral diplomatic quarters, — which demonstrate that Italy is making definite offensive preparations in Albania, and that Yugoslavia is making defensive preparations.

Arms and ammunition are being shipped from Italy to Albania and landed at the port of Durazzo. A large number of Albanian army rifles of Austrian pattern have been withdrawn from active use and replaced by rifles of Italian pattern.

Moreover, I am able to disclose the hitherto suppressed fact that it was because he went down to Durazzo to note these consignments of ammunition that Juraskovitch, the dragoman of the Yugoslav Legation at Tirana, was arrested by the Albanian authorities at the instance of the Italian Government. This, of course, led to the recent serious Italo-Yugoslav incident.

It is openly admitted by Rome that there are eleven Italian officers attached to the Albanian army as instructors. I am in the position to reveal, however, that in addition there are some fifty Italian officers and approximately two hundred Italian reservist soldiers engaged on public works. The ostensible work of the former is that of land survey and mapping, while the latter are nominally engaged in road making. But in addition to their functions in connection with the construction of strategic roads, they are also regarded as a *cadre* or nucleus for a special bodyguard for the present Albanian ruler in the event of a revolt.

The three main Albanian army groups are under Italian supervision.

All public works in Albania are in the hands of the Italian development company which is a subsidiary of the Italian-owned Albanian National Bank. It was through this bank that Italy granted Albania a loan which that country cannot possibly pay back, and in default of which Italy may distrain on the Albanian customs — an action which would be like an occupation. The second installment on the interest of this loan not being forthcoming, the Italian Government has itself paid the money into the Albanian National Bank, thus transferring the burden from the Albanian to the Italian taxpayer and further mortgaging Albania to Italy.

On the Italian side of the Italo-Yugoslav frontier airplane hangars are being constructed at regular intervals. Every Italian province now has to make a 'voluntary' offering to the State of an airplane. Black Shirt manœuvres are constantly taking place in Venetia Juliana. The object of this is to train the Fascist Militia for lines-of-communication work in order to release the regular Italian army for an offensive campaign. The Yugoslavs, on the other hand, are making efforts to bring their military strength up to the required defensive level.

These facts, in the view of disinterested diplomatic observers on the spot, go to show the absurdity of the Italian allegation last year that the Yugoslav army was preparing to attack Albania and Italy. This accusation, which followed alleged 'disclosures' by a Bel-

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grade correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia*, nearly precipitated a grave crisis earlier this year. The truth of the matter, which was known in the European chancelleries at the time, and is now revealed to the outside world, is that there was no such person as the Belgrade correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia*. The report in question actually emanated from the Hungarian Legation in Belgrade. This extraordinary procedure is explained by the fact that Signor Mussolini succeeded in preventing a Yugoslav-Hungarian rapprochement by means of the secret treaty between Rome and Budapest.

The Duce, however, is a realist, and although he has an apparent overwhelming superiority in war material and equipment, he would think twice about embarking upon a war of 'Italian equipment against Balkan courage,' unless he could first assure himself that Yugoslavia would not have the support of a Balkan alliance. An understanding between the Balkan States, beginning with a Serbo-Bulgarian rapprochement, has for long been the aim of French diplomacy, and the principal efforts of Italian diplomacy to-day are directed toward preventing the materialization of this plan. This purpose is effected mainly by exploiting inter-Balkan grievances so as to induce mutual distrust. Rome is now trying to bar the way to rapprochements between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria and Yugoslavia and Greece.

Yugoslavia favors a Balkan Locarno, if Bulgaria and Greece will adopt the attitude of Germany to-day and recognize the peace treaties as the starting point, with adjustments of grievances by mutual consent as the second step. The eventual hope is a Yugoslav-Bulgarian pact of nonaggression, which would tend to heal one of the oldest Balkan sores.

The Italian press has played upon Balkan war animosities in various ways. Thus Signor Mussolini's own press organ, the *Popolo d'Italia*, recently urged Bulgarians to beware of the danger of a South Slav confederation, on the ground that it meant Bulgaria's 'being swallowed by her more powerful neighbor.' In the same way the Fascist press has exploited the recent Macedonian border outrages in order to sow the seeds of suspicion between Belgrade and Sofia.

An Italian financial manœuvre is believed to have frustrated a Greco-Yugoslav pact by which Serbia would have gained a free zone at Saloniki and the existing controversy over the control of the railway there would have been terminated. When Greeks at Geneva encountered difficulties with the League concerning the new loan Greece had arranged in the London market and elsewhere, an Italian financial group seized the moment to make an advantageous offer to their Government, with the result that the Saloniki issue remains in the air.

Similar tactics have been pursued in Hungary. Following a special mission to Budapest headed by Dr. Lazarre Markovich, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, there was a definite movement toward a Yugoslav-Hungarian understanding, on the basis of Hungary's being granted an outlet to the sea in the form of a Hungarian Free Zone at a Yugoslav port. This scheme was quickly nipped in the bud by the Italian offer of a Hungarian Free Zone at Fiume, accompanied by a secret Italo-Hungarian understanding, one of the fruits of which has been the Italian support given to Hungary in that country's dispute at Geneva with Rumania on the question of the Transylvanian properties.

This brings me to the urgent question of Italo-French rivalry in the

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background. Just before the last League Assembly Rome indicated that the signing of the Franco-Serb Pact would be regarded as an unfriendly act by Italy.

M. Briand intimated to Yugoslavia that it was not expedient then to risk offending Italy. Now the Pact has at last been signed in Paris, and the anticipated Italian objections are being voiced in the Fascist press.

The irony of the whole thing is that the chief bone of contention between Italy and Yugoslavia could be removed if both governments had the wisdom and the good will to act upon the British advice — that Yugoslavia on her part should ratify the Nettuno Conventions, and that Italy on her part should give a reinterpretation of the Tirana Treaty which would relieve Yugoslavia of the nightmare of Italian intervention in that country.

The Nettuno Conventions, now in suspense, provided for the regulation of Italians' rights in Dalmatia and the adjustment of trade relations. Up to the present moment Signor Mussolini has shown no signs of acting on this advice. As a renowned German diplomat put it to me, 'He wants to keep the sword hanging over the heads of the Yugoslavs and keep them guessing.' He has received M. Rakitch, the Yugoslav Minister, at Rome, twice, I believe, since the last Italo-Yugoslav diplomatic 'incident.' As one British diplomat phrased it: 'I understand that they discussed Serbian folklore; Signor Mussolini is very interested in the subject.' The most disquieting view of all came from another British personage particularly experienced and well versed in the situation, who said to me: 'Signor Mussolini has not yet discussed matters with M. Rakitch, and probably never will.'

At the moment Signor Mussolini is engaged in a partially successful fight for the economic rehabilitation of Italy. It is more than one man's job, but for reasons of prestige he dare not admit it. In a nutshell, he is trying to convert Italy into a kind of self-supporting national coöperative stores. The project of the 'Corporative State,' the amalgamation of private companies in the interests of economy, the creation of councils to watch local economic and social movements and to collect data with a view to increasing production, the attempt to compel Italians to purchase home products to the exclusion of foreign goods — all these are part of his effort to make Italy self-supporting.

This might succeed in a country which has its own raw materials, but Italy has to depend for her raw materials largely on other countries, and can never, therefore, become really self-supporting. In spite of all the Duce's efforts, imports still exceed exports. The country's main danger, however, is financial. Signor Mussolini has staked everything on the appreciation of the lira. To do this he has funded the war debts to Britain and the United States and borrowed heavily from abroad. Not only is American private capital heavily involved in Italian industry, but there is the famous one-hundred-million-dollar Italian Government loan. He has also borrowed extensively in Britain. Fortified with foreign financial support, he then set to work to speed up Italian industry, and to bring down prices.

In this Mussolini has failed, and his defeat is nullifying all his attempts to make Italy self-supporting, to obtain an excess of exports over imports, and to banish unemployment. His failure consists in his inability to bring down prices with the rise of the lira. His attempt to do this had two immediate results. It took away the profits of the industrialists on the one hand, and on the other it hit the newly created peas-

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ant-farmers who had bought their lands counting on a sale of their produce at high prices.

The former, feeling it impossible to carry on recently, went to the Duce and threatened to close their factories; whereupon Signor Mussolini answered, 'In that case I will open the doors of my prisons.' The peasants, unable to dispose of their produce, and faced with the problem of selling their land under purchase cost, created an 'agrarian problem.' Recently in the rural districts there were gatherings of hungry crowds crying out, 'Duce, give us bread.'

With the lack of ready money and the reduced purchasing power of the lira, wages have dropped and home purchases have been restricted to necessities. Manufacturers seeking relief in exportation have fared no better. The appreciation of the lira has increased prices to foreign buyers, who are now turning to cheaper markets, principally Germany. Meanwhile such reduction as has taken place in retail prices is not in proportion to that effected in wholesale prices, to the consequent dissatisfaction of the consumer. On the financial side, the Bank of Italy has been instructed to restrict credit to business demands. This has resulted in business circles limiting their purchases to immediate requirements, resulting in a decrease of imported raw materials.

There is admittedly a balanced Budget and an appreciated currency, but these achievements are based mainly on money borrowed from abroad. One of these days these obligations will have to be met. Increased taxation will be the only way of meeting them, and this appears to be rendered impossible by the increasing industrial depression. Competent observers believe that the mastery of Southeastern Europe might appeal to the Duce as the way out of this impasse. Time is getting short, as other countries — particularly Germany — are prosecuting a policy of intensive commercial penetration in the Balkans. The smashing of Yugoslavia would achieve at one blow the following advantages to Italy: it would give her the political and economic hegemony of Central and Southeastern Europe and thus relieve her immediate economic difficulties, and it would detract attention at home from the economic shortcomings of the Fascist régime by presenting the Italian people with a brilliant external success.

One other solution presents itself — a politico-economic understanding with Yugoslavia, and the entry of Italy into an economic confederation with all the Danubian states. Trieste is now more or less a dead port, being no longer the outlet for the Danubian hinterland. But few experts in Southern European politics believe that the many obstacles in the way of this solution are likely to be overcome. Hence their fear for peace.

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RUSSIA: 1920–1927 [1]

BY CHARLES RODEN BUXTON

In 1920 I went to Russia as one of the joint secretaries of the British Labor Delegation. This year I had the opportunity of going again, and I was enabled to form a rough estimate, at least, of the changes that had taken place in the interval.

At the same time, one must always bear in mind the vast variety of conditions in Russia, and the extreme difficulty of making any general statement to which large exceptions cannot be found. I must also make it clear that, as regards the country districts, I was not able to visit the same village I did in 1920, and the one which I visited this year was very different. In 1920 I studied a large country village somewhat minutely. This time my wife, my daughter, my son, and I stayed for three days in the house of a village schoolmistress, some forty miles south of Nizhni Novgorod. The village was very different in character, but there were certain points in which a comparison might be made. It was much smaller, it was considerably farther north, it was more arable and less pastoral, and it was more within reach of newspapers and outside influences.

The main result of the Revolution, so far as the peasants are concerned, — the great addition to the size of their holdings, through the confiscation of the landlords' estates, — was already clearly evident in 1920. The principal changes since then have been the effects of the famine, which have now been, in the main, surmounted, and the 'new economic policy,' which, by allowing the peasant to sell independently, has caused a slow but steady improvement in his economic condition. He now has to be *exhorted* to sell his surplus to the State or the Coöperatives at fixed prices, rather than to the private dealer at varying prices.

My general impression of the changes since my last visit was one of decided improvement in industrial, social, and labor conditions. I have never placed much reliance on statistics, and I base myself on casual observations of my own, and on the opinion of people whose judgment commended itself to me as likely to be solid. The standard of living is markedly higher than in 1920, though it is still, of course, below our own. The variety of articles to be purchased is incomparably greater. Transport is working smoothly and efficiently. In Moscow, one has the impression that things have settled down into a mode of life which is much simpler than the old, but which is pretty generally accepted; there is cheerfulness, stir, and activity; one has the feeling that things can and will continue, broadly, along the present social and political lines. In Leningrad, one feels a sense of sadness, worry, and uneasiness; but Leningrad, being the deserted capital, and also subject to many alarms through being an exposed outpost on the very frontier itself, is a wholly exceptional case.

[1] From the *Labour Magazine* (official organ, British Labor Party), *November*, and *Public Opinion* (London current-topics weekly), *November* 11

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There was evidence before my eyes of a great increase in private trading, though the great bulk of industrial production is still in the hands of various State organs. Appeals are being made everywhere for State loans, which clearly indicate that somebody, somewhere, must have money available to invest. On the other hand, we could see practically nothing of the evidences of a new bourgeoisie, flaunting itself in expensive restaurants and indulging in luxuries. There must be some people who have money to spare, but the effect of the general limitation of incomes upon social habits and public opinion has been so decisive that the desire to display wealth has disappeared,—whether the motive be good or bad,—and with it the constant artificial incitement to snobbery and flunkeyism.

As regards the welfare of the rural workers, my experience of four days' stay in the typical village I have mentioned, forty miles south of Nizhni Novgorod, showed me that the standard of living is low. Take, for instance, the food in the schoolmistress's house. We might presume, I think, that she would live a little better than the peasants generally; and we certainly might also presume, in view of the astonishing friendliness and hospitality shown to us on every hand, that she would provide us with the very best she had available. Yet we had no meat, fish, eggs, or cheese. We had good vegetable soup, plenty of milk, and delicious honey; but the staple dish on each day was potatoes. But I was confirmed in my impression of seven years ago that the bulk of the peasants are better off, slightly if not substantially, than they were before the Revolution. This is a fact of tremendous social significance, given the vast number of human beings involved.

Apart from material circumstances, there is no doubt that the peasant has a greater consciousness of his own importance and his own position in the State: he has a more varied outlook and a wider horizon. The propaganda of the Soviet Government, and the important beginnings which it has made in both technical and general education in the rural districts, have all contributed to this result.

To give a local example, in the district in which we stayed the new institutions since the Revolution were as follows. In the school where we stayed there were formerly forty children and one teacher; there were now eighty children and two teachers. There were five new teachers in the schools of the Volost; there were three new libraries and three new institutions or courses for teaching adults to read. There had been nothing of this kind before. There was one new secondary school. Forty per cent of the budget of the Volost now went to education.

There was also in the district a magnificent new school for young peasants, which we visited. This, however, was designed to serve the purposes of, and was built and supported by, the whole province of Nizhni Novgorod.

In estimating the peasant's position it would be a great mistake to ignore these psychological and educational factors. The great difference is that the peasant now feels himself a free man. He looks the tax collector and the 'Commissar' in the face, instead of cringing before them. Undoubtedly the propaganda and the numerous 'decrees' worry him a good deal. But at any rate they all take for granted that he is a responsible citizen —a person who must be consulted.

The present price policy of the Soviet Government is a matter of acute controversy, and is one of the points upon which the 'Opposition' in the Communist Party opposes the majority. The 'Opposition' considers that the peasants, as a whole, are unduly favored,

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and that higher prices ought to be charged for the manufactured goods required by them; that the interests of the town workers are the first thing to consider — since the Revolution depends on them for its maintenance.

As regards the town worker, the wages are not quite up to the pre-war level, and much is made of this fact in hostile writings. But in every other matter than wages the position is incomparably better. The hours of labor are very greatly reduced. Rents are kept artificially low. Unemployment benefit has been introduced. The development of social insurance is phenomenal, the most conspicuous example being the well-known maternity insurance system. There are free holidays with full pay. There are delightful 'rest homes' to which a large proportion can go. There is a most elaborate system of sanatoria and medical treatment. These things have become a prominent — and generally accepted — feature of social life.

Educationally, the 'Workers' Faculty' is playing a great part. Nominally a method of preparing ill-prepared students for work of university grade, it is, in reality, developing into a vast system of secondary and technical education for the adolescent.

Upon the whole, the principal change observable in the towns has been the increase in general prosperity, the settled look of things, the variety of articles to be purchased, the greater regularity and smoother working of the whole economic system.

The most notable single feature, as I have said, is the increase in private trading. This, however, must not be exaggerated. Probably about four fifths of the volume of production remain in the hands of, or under the direct control of, the State.

Where private enterprise has so largely increased is in the smaller branches of manufacture, and still more of commerce — shops, restaurants, barbers' saloons, and the innumerable branches of buying and selling, on commission or otherwise, which constitute the business of the small dealer.

Some people must, undoubtedly, be making money. Posters addressed to investors were visible everywhere. I read among these: 'Attract Share Capital into Coöperation'; 'State Loans Strengthen Our Economic Independence'; 'Develop and Strengthen the State Credit.' But though a man may make wealth, he cannot flaunt it. The talk about a 'wealthy new bourgeoisie' is a gross misrepresentation.

To go about in a bourgeois dress, or to possess a fine motor car, might not be impossible, but it would be frowned upon by the general public. To have more than a minimum of houseroom would not be possible. If a man indulges in luxuries, he must do it in ways that are not very noticeable, such as ordering several expensive courses for his dinner at a restaurant, or traveling comfortably on a Volga steamer for his holidays.

This may not affect the moral aspect of the luxury problem, so far as the individual is concerned. His motive in restraining himself may be one of self-interest only. But from the social point of view, the fact is none the less important.

I noticed, among other things, the growth of the Coöperative Movement since 1920. Coöperative shops and other institutions are to be found everywhere, and I learned on inquiry that they represent a genuine revival of the Coöperative Movement on a large scale, and are not merely names, as in 1920, for bureaucratic institutions.

It must always be remembered that, though private trading exists and is developing, the Government has still considerable power over it by means

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of special transport restrictions, and by the grant of credits and other facilities. In these ways it can put a premium on one form of trade and penalize another.

It is no longer possible to say that an appearance of new production is kept up by utilizing old stocks and old forms of capital, dating from pre-Revolution times. Nor is it possible to say that the present régime is dependent for its skilled technicians on men educated under the old régime. The great difficulty — or at least the great drag on the wheel, which keeps the progress very slow — is the lack of capital from abroad. This matter is closely connected with the foreign policy of the Soviet Government.

When one has said all this, — which is so necessary to insist on in view of the prevailing prejudice and ignorance on these important aspects of Russian life, — I do not forget the other side of the picture. All this has been bought at a terrible price. The political repression continues. Arbitrary arrests are common. They disseminate a vague fear, chiefly in the form of making people avoid any connection with movements or parties other than the dominant Communist organizations. Free speech does not exist, and public opinion is thus warped and distorted in many ways. A notable exception to this, however, is the greatly increased degree of free speech within the Communist Party itself. The press is full of the conflicts between the Majority and the 'Opposition.' And there is a deadly harvest to be reaped, year after year, in the deep-rooted suspicion and bitterness of the expropriated classes, particularly those who are now working and plotting in various countries outside Russia.

I am no more a Communist than I was before. I have always made my position perfectly clear to the Soviet authorities. They have recognized me as a person honestly trying to find out the facts, and as such have never interfered with my inquiries in the least.

I do not believe that the British workers would wish to purchase even the advantages described above, if they realized the price they would have to pay — a heavier price still in this country, owing to the greater complexity of our social system.

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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN STRUGGLE FOR NICARAGUA[1]

BY H. VON CRAMON

[SPACE considerations have compelled us to omit a portion of this article.]

EVER since Alexander von Humboldt's famous journey to the New World a century and a quarter ago, we have known that nature has made Nicaragua, where the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua already span with a natural waterway the greater part of the isthmus, the logical site of a trans-oceanic canal. At a very early date the American Government recognized this fact, but during the Republic's early history political difficulties prevented its converting this knowledge into action. Meanwhile Great Britain, taking advantage of a time when the United States was fully occupied with the war with Mexico, established herself in Nicaragua, fully aware that the Yankees would seize the opportunity there if she did not anticipate them.

Thus it happened that in January 1848 British marines took possession of the port of San Juan del Norte, at the eastern end of the projected waterway, under the pretext of defending the 'King of the Mosquito Coast' from Nicaraguan aggression. The naked and otherwise harmless Indian chief upon whom the English consul bestowed this royal title was to fly his imperial banner at this point. To be sure, the high contracting powers, England and the Mosquito Coast, could point back to more than a century's undisturbed friendly relations. The fifteen hundred semicivilized Indians living in that district had placed themselves under the protection of the British Governor of Jamaica as long ago as 1720. Encouraged by this, several British subjects had settled in the country for the purpose of exploiting its valuable Campeche timber. They had been protected by an English fort from 1749 to 1783, when the Versailles Treaty of the latter year terminated the occupation. In that treaty England recognized Spain's sovereignty over all Central America, including the Mosquito Coast, with the exception only of Belize, later known as British Honduras. That engagement was solemnly reiterated in another treaty three years later, when England actually withdrew her military forces and civilian officials from the country.

When the Spanish colonies revolted and won their independence no change occurred in the situation. In fact, England viewed the rebellion with a friendly and appraising eye, well aware that the five states of the Central American Federation formed an exceedingly fragile political structure.

The accuracy of Britain's forecast was soon demonstrated. Incessant revolutions and civil wars, promoted in many cases by British financial aid and sales of arms, terminated the Federation after ten years of inglorious existence. Thereafter England showed little regard for the five republics into which it divided. Belize was rechristened British Honduras and de-

[1] From *Europäische Gespräche* (Hamburg foreign-affairs monthly), *June*

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clared a Crown colony. Its frontiers were arbitrarily extended at the expense of Guatemala, with a blunt refusal even to negotiate the rights of the latter country to the annexed territories. Honduras was treated in the same high-handed manner. In 1841 the flag of that republic had to give place to the Union Jack on the island of Ruatan, and the British authorities even refused to discuss the incident with the representatives of the despoiled government.

Thus it was perfectly logical that England's interest on the Mosquito Coast should suddenly revive as soon as the United States began extending its territories to the Pacific. For it was even then apparent that the Union would ultimately insist on a waterway between the oceans. So Britain's representatives began to coquette with the Mosquito Coast people, an English Resident was stationed at Bluefields, and in 1848, as we have just said, a garrison was dispatched to San Juan del Norte, which was rechristened Greytown. Lord Palmerston's policy, however, was too brutal to succeed. He forced Nicaragua to appeal to the only Power that was in a position to check England's aggression — the United States. The President of Nicaragua wrote to the Government at Washington: 'Britain's intention in seizing the port of San Juan and asserting a claim to sovereignty over the wild tribes of Nicaragua's coast land is clearly to found a colony that will make her mistress of the future oceanic canal, the logical site of which is across the isthmus at this point.' That proved to be the case. In the spring of 1849 a representative of a British company presented himself at the capital of Nicaragua to negotiate with the Government for a concession to build the canal. But his efforts proved fruitless.

Meanwhile the United States was not alseep. While Washington was preoccupied with its Mexican annexations it neglected the Central American situation and permitted several violations of the Monroe Doctrine. But Nicaragua's appeal found a ready hearing, and in 1849 the Americans sent a special envoy to that country, who succeeded almost immediately in obtaining a very favorable concession for building the canal. The treaty embodying this concession shows how shrewdly the Americans proceeded, in direct contrast with the English, so as not to awaken the distrust and jealousy of the people with whom they were dealing. Although the canal was to be built by an American company headed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, the United States asked no special privileges there, but stipulated that the new waterway should be open on equal terms to all nations that solemnly engaged to respect the sovereignty of Nicaragua in the territory through which the canal passed, and to defend that sovereignty from outside attack. Every government thus obligating itself was to enjoy most-favored-nation treatment in respect to the passage of its war vessels and merchant ships through the canal. The existence of the Mosquito Coast was completely ignored.

These provisions were cleverly designed to unite all the other maritime nations against England, and to give them an interest in preventing the latter country from controlling the mouth of the San Juan River. Even though the latter object might not be attained at once, Washington hoped by this treaty to place England in an unfavorable situation in any future negotiations.

Great Britain's representative in Nicaragua was outraged by this action. He immediately notified the Nica-

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raguan Government that it had no right to make treaty engagements regarding the San Juan River, because that stream did not lie within its jurisdiction but belonged to the Mosquito Coast. The Vanderbilt company was warned not to engage in any construction operations within the Mosquito territory. The British Minister at Washington started a vigorous campaign there to discredit the Nicaraguan Government in the eyes of Congress, and actually succeeded in preventing the ratification of the treaty before that body adjourned. Meanwhile serious friction broke out between local representatives of Great Britain and the United States at Fonseca Gulf, which threatened to develop into actual hostilities. Finally, however, these representatives were recalled, and direct negotiations were started between London and Washington to settle the dispute. Neither government cared to press the matter to the breaking point. America's diplomatic victory was assured as soon as England found herself compelled, by accepting the principle of a negotiated settlement, to renounce her claim for the exclusive control of the canal. At that time England was worried by the rise of the third Napoleon, and was not on particularly friendly terms with the other European Powers.

So it came about that on the nineteenth of April, 1850, a compromise was reached in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which was to prove a landmark in the history of Anglo-American relations in the Caribbean. Under that treaty neither government was to claim exclusive control over the future canal, or to build fortresses in its vicinity, or to establish colonies, protectorates, or zones of occupation in Central America. The private builders of the canal were to enjoy the protection of both governments. The canal itself was to be open to the shipping of all countries, and its neutrality was to be guaranteed first by England and the United States and later by any other nation that would volunteer to do so. The principles thus laid down were to apply to any other waterway ever constructed across the isthmus.

American diplomacy had made a very good showing in this negotiation. To be sure, it had not attained all that it desired and all that the Monroe Doctrine might justify: England had been conceded a voice in a purely American matter; she had not agreed to evacuate the Mosquito Coast and British Honduras, as many Americans demanded. But the statesmen at Washington were well aware that time was working in their favor, and that they could well afford to be patient. It was not the first time that they had agreed to accept an equal status with England in America, confident that the course of events would change the situation. In 1818 they had consented to a joint Anglo-American occupation of Oregon, which had ended in 1844 with the acquisition of the greater part of the disputed territory by the Union. It would have been a political error, at a time when the Republic was facing so many difficult problems at home, — problems demanding all the attention of its rulers, — to push matters to a crisis in the Caribbean.

Everybody supposed that this treaty would inaugurate an era of peaceful coöperation with England. America's representatives in Central America were instructed to maintain the friendliest possible relations with their British colleagues. It was assumed that England would gradually renounce her claims to the Mosquito Coast. But these hopes proved delusive. Contrary to Washington's expectations, the Brit-

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ish Minister addressed a note to the Government in Nicaragua bluntly and arrogantly insisting upon its accepting the boundaries which England had arbitrarily drawn, adding that it would act unwisely in relying upon promises of support from its alleged friends. America saw at once who these 'alleged friends' were. So it was evident to all that a new storm was brewing between the two English-speaking nations over this issue. Happily, at that very moment Palmerston, the champion of a vigorous British policy in Central America, was forced to resign, and made way for Granville, who laid great weight on America's friendship.

In order to end the existing uncertainty the Vanderbilt company purposely invited an incident at Greytown Harbor in 1852, which led to the so-called Crampton-Webster Agreement, making Greytown a free port and permitting the Mosquito Indians to become citizens of Nicaragua. The Government of the latter country, however, saw that it was thus robbed of a very important harbor, and quite properly felt that the agreement had been made behind its back. Consequently it protested vigorously against the treaty, and succeeded in preventing the American Senate from ratifying it.

So the situation was as confused as ever when President Pierce assumed office. The new Democratic administration took a much livelier interest in Central American affairs than had its predecessor. It encouraged American citizens to settle in Nicaragua in the hope of erecting a new slaveholders' government there which would eventually be incorporated in the Union. These ambitions, however, quickly aroused the resentment of the whole world. Under the pretext that the American Minister had been insulted, a Yankee gunboat bombarded Greytown in 1854, landed marines, and set the place on fire. The British commander protested vigorously, but England, which was then engaged in the Crimean War, did not press the matter further.

Britain's passive attitude at this time heartened the Washington Government immensely. It set busily about the peaceful penetration of Nicaragua by promoting American settlement there, and it even showed friendly neutrality to the filibusterer Walker. That adventurer landed in Nicaragua in the spring of 1855, with a handful of hired followers, and without great difficulty made himself the 'legally elected' president of the country. This, and other examples of Yankee aggression in Central America, finally aroused the British, who sought to come to an understanding with their transatlantic cousins. Such an understanding was apparently arrived at in 1856, in the so-called Dallas-Clarendon Treaty, the most important clause of which terminated England's protectorate over the Mosquito Coast. Satisfied with this success, Washington withdrew its support from Walker, whose bravo republic soon came to an inglorious end.

This treaty, however, suffered the same fate as its predecessor. England refused to ratify it because Palmerston had recovered power and repudiated the conciliatory policy of the preceding cabinet. Washington had not counted upon this, or it would not so unceremoniously have deserted Walker, whose collapse had been a serious blow to Yankee prestige in Latin America. Consequently President Buchanan decided upon an energetic step. He notified the English Minister that his Government would denounce the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and resume a free hand in Central America unless Great Britain immediately clarified its relations with the little republics there. By

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clarifying relations he meant returning the island of Ruatan to Honduras and the Mosquito Coast to Nicaragua, and confining British Honduras to the boundaries fixed by the treaty of 1786.

London, either because it feared that the United States would soon annex Nicaragua if the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty were abrogated, or because it shrank from new entanglements in that part of the world in view of the precarious situation in Europe, adopted a conciliatory attitude. It sent a special envoy to Central America to conclude the treaties demanded with Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua, and by the opening of 1860 the last of these was signed. Their essential provisions were a boundary settlement with Guatemala, which was very favorable to the English; the restoration of Ruatan to Honduras in return for compensation on the Mosquito Coast; and the termination of the English protectorate over the Mosquito Coast, which was returned to Nicaragua. Greytown was treated as a special case, being made a free port under the Nicaraguan sovereignty.

Unquestionably this settlement represented a new victory for American diplomacy, and President Buchanan was fully justified in so denominating it in his Annual Message of 1860. While the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty brought Britain's expansion in Central America to an end, the new agreement compelled her to restore some of the territories she had previously seized. The area thus returned was not so important as England's tacit renunciation of her former Central American policy. . . .

Several years passed in comparative quiet until 1879, when de Lesseps, the famous builder of the Suez Canal, obtained a concession for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. For several years Washington had paid little attention to foreign affairs. This event, however, thoroughly alarmed the authorities there, who feared that the Panama Canal might repeat the history of the Suez Canal and fall under the political and financial control of England. This alarm and irritation was increased when the Emperor of Austria, acting as arbitrator, decided a long controversy between England and Nicaragua over the Mosquito Coast by granting the Republic merely formal sovereignty over that region while giving the latter virtually an autonomous government.

The American Secretary of State at this time was James G. Blaine, a pronounced imperialist and champion of Pan-Americanism. He declared in instructions issued to the American Ambassador in London on November 21, 1881, that the Civil War had shown that the United States was strong enough to assert its will anywhere in the Western Hemisphere, and that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was out of date, since America could no more grant England a voice in the management of a Central American canal than England could grant the United States a voice in the management of the Suez Canal. England resented this declaration, and a lively interchange of notes ensued which continued for several years. To be sure, President Cleveland, who was an anti-imperialist averse to extending Washington's responsibilities in Latin America, and who did not wish to commit the United States to becoming the sole defender of a canal which in his opinion should exist for the service of the whole world, withdrew, before the Senate could ratify it, the so-called Frelinghuysen-Zarala Treaty, concluded between his country and Nicaragua in 1884, because it placed the construction and control of a future Nicaraguan canal completely in the hands of the two contracting parties.

Friction was constantly occurring throughout these years between Nicara-

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gua and the Mosquito Coast authorities, which invited repeated British interventions. London answered America's protests against these by assuring Washington that it had no intention of resuming any political rights over the country, but was merely protecting the life and property of British subjects.

This was the situation when McKinley took office in 1897. His election marked the final victory of the imperialist idea in the United States. Conscious of their country's immunity from foreign attack and her power to enforce her will in the Western Hemisphere, American statesmen could proudly assert that their Government was actually sovereign in the New World and its fiat law throughout the two Americas. The annexation of Hawaii and the Philippines, and the rapid extension of the economic and strategic interests of the United States in the Pacific, made it inevitable that the Government would immediately set about securing sea connection between the two oceans. The only obstacle in its way was England, and little was to be feared from that source: London knew that it had lost the game in Central America. Moreover, Great Britain was in a position of 'splendid isolation' with regard to the European Powers, and exceedingly anxious to conciliate the great kinsman nation across the ocean. The Boer War was already in the offing. Consequently the statesmen of Downing Street accepted the facts of the case, and jettisoned once for all a policy from which their country had been retreating slowly for half a century. In February 1900 the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was concluded, granting the United States complete control of any isthmian canal that might be constructed, and the sole right of protecting such a waterway.

Thus ended a long and for a time a threatening source of controversy between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers. American diplomacy had been shrewd enough always to keep within the limits of the possible. Insistently and persistently, without haste but without rest, it had pressed its claims. Step by step England was ejected from Central America so completely that a resumption of her former policy is inconceivable as long as the United States maintains its present aggressive attitude in the Caribbean — an attitude which Nicaragua has abundant occasion to appreciate just now.

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SPAIN VERSUS ITALY IN ARGENTINA[1]

BY BERNARDO SANVISENTI

[SOME paragraphs of this article have been omitted or summarized.]

A MARKED movement is visible of late to draw closer the historical ties that unite Argentina with her mother country, Spain. This reviving spirit of filial affection has been expressed with great warmth by one of the former country's most distinguished writers, Manuel Ugarte. 'Let us have no criticism of Spain. The South Americans who deny their origin are parricides. Spain was the cradle of their nationality.'

No one can object to this feeling. The national sentiment of Argentina is in final analysis a part of the racial consciousness of all Spanish-speaking peoples. Another prominent writer of that country, Ricardo Rojas, says in discussing this theme that, while that sentiment has its roots in a popular realization of geographical, civic, historical, and cultural community, its ultimate subsoil is conscious recognition of the spiritual patrimony received from Spain.

For three centuries after the first Spaniards landed in America this sentiment was latent, for nothing occurred to invite its active expression. Not until 1891, when the Minister of Public Instruction of Argentina expressed alarm lest the great wave of immigration then beginning might modify the language, institutions, and psychology of the nation, was there any explicit assertion of this racial consciousness. Since then other writers have taken up the theme, and, inasmuch as a great majority of the country's immigrants are Italians, these champions of nationality have directed their attention principally to them. . . .

The last author to discuss this question, Carlo Nestore Maciel, in his *Italianizaciòn de la Argentina*, published three years ago, takes a decidedly alarmist view of the situation. His passionate handling of the subject and the favorable reception his book has received among his countrymen have put the question of the Italian in Argentina directly before the public. He is a perfervid patriot whose enthusiasm prevents his examining his theme in a strictly scientific spirit. Therefore we may pass over the philosophical superstructure with which Maciel adorns his argument. We can deal effectively with the subject without citing Fichte, Mill, Spencer, de Tocqueville, Feuillée, Le Bon, or that recent pessimistic patriot, De Monzie of *Terra Clausa*.

Confining ourselves to the concrete facts of the case, it appears that approximately one half of the population of Argentina is of Italian origin and may be divided roughly into three groups — early settlers who have been completely assimilated, another large section whose national sympathies are largely those of their adopted country, and the great mass of new arrivals who are still unmodified Europeans. Although 1874 is commonly accepted as the date when Italians began to go to

[1] From *Rivista d'Italia* (Milan political and economic monthly), *October* 15

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Argentina in large numbers, many of our countrymen had settled in that country long before this. A glance at any old file of Argentine newspapers will impress one with the number of Italian names their advertising pages contain. Naturally these assimilated immigrants cause little or no concern to writers like Maciel, who take alarm at what we may call the organized Italian element in Argentina. When our Crown Prince visited that country a short time ago several hundred Italian societies, federated in twenty-five larger associations, officially received him. These race-conscious Italians, who are laboring zealously to preserve and cultivate the affection of the immigrants for their native land, are the ones who worry Argentine nationalists.

Those gentlemen, however, find still other causes of alarm in this alleged alien invasion. They point out that nearly forty-five per cent of the capital invested in Argentine industries is Italian, and that immense continuous tracts of the best agricultural land are already in the hands of our countrymen. Such districts exist, for instance, in the great newly developed regions northwest of Buenos Aires, in the centre of the country south of Santa Fé and Cordoba, and south of Entre Ríos, where Italian settlers own millions of acres in the granary of the republic. The numerical preponderance of Italians in these regions, their loyalty to their native land, the active propaganda of their federations, the fertility and extent of the tracts they occupy, have convinced many Argentinians that our people form a real threat to the integrity of the country. They do not greatly fear a political change, since they rely upon the United States to prevent that, but they do fear a complete modification of the race.

How do they propose to avoid this danger? They might, to be sure, encourage the immigration of less dangerous nationalities — the English, who represent primarily an immigration of capital, for no one ever saw a Britisher earning his living by the sweat of his brow in South America; the French, who are popular because of the close cultural ties between Buenos Aires and Paris; above all, the Spanish, because they are most readily assimilated and strengthen directly the native stock. But though the Argentinians do not confess it openly, they place little faith in these remedies. For the English clearly prefer to migrate to English-speaking countries like Australia and the United States, the French do not emigrate in numbers because there are not enough people in France to perform the necessary labor of the country, and the Spaniards, who might better themselves by seeking new homes abroad, lack the means and the encouragement to do so, and their Government by no means favors an exodus of its subjects even to a kindred nation. Consequently there seems no alternative to receiving the feared Italian on his own terms.

The recent Immigration Conference at Rome endorsed Italy's thesis — happily with the cordial support of many Argentinians — that immigrants should be placed on the same footing as migratory labor seeking work in foreign countries with the idea of returning home when a job is finished, and that they therefore should enjoy the same protection and privileges, including exemption from military service, in the country where they are domiciled that are commonly given migratory laborers temporarily residing there.

The resolutions of the Conference recognize a right and prescribe a duty of which Italy has taken proper cognizance, but which a certain school of Argentine publicists refuses to accept.

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No progress, however, can be made along that line. The only alternative is for Argentina to regulate immigration to its territories. We do not mean, of course, that she should confine the number of Italians permitted to enter the country to some ridiculous quota. But she might distribute the new arrivals over her vast territories in order to prevent the formation of large alien colonies within her boundaries, and to favor speedy assimilation. We are confronted by a vicious circle. Italy, which has supplied so much industrious, intelligent, and honest labor to Argentina, Brazil, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, Tunis, and other countries, has thus performed a great service for civilization. She cannot permit any nation to deal with her people as if they were a necessary but dangerous poison to be taken in limited doses. It is her clear duty to watch over and protect her children who go abroad to earn their living. That is not imperialism; it is exercising a perfectly legitimate guardianship over those whom she is obligated to defend.

All the facts brought out by critics and opponents of Italian immigration to Argentina tend to increase our admiration for our countrymen, and to give us a better idea of their tremendous contribution to the progress of the country. Their loyalty to their own flag does not detract from the respect which they cherish for the land which receives them. In fact, experience indicates that the two sister races that make up the bulk of the Argentine nation of to-day, the Spanish and the Italian, are undergoing a rapid amalgamation. Let us take the example of the language. While Spanish is universally spoken and is the official tongue, many Italian words and constructions have been incorporated in it. The stage and the literature of Argentina show definite traces of Italian influence. The same is true of her architecture, methods of agriculture, and business customs.

Argentine critics should give a more liberal and accurate interpretation to the facts. They should not allow themselves to be influenced by the policies of countries where conditions are entirely different from their own. Above all, they should learn to know Italy. If they cannot study our country first-hand, they should at least make themselves familiar with our literature and public policies. It is the more desirable that they should do this because they are so largely influenced at present by French propaganda, which is always chauvinist, and for some time past has been definitely hostile to Italy. Direct familiarity with the actual condition of our country, with our renaissance, with our achievements in the war, would have given these Argentine critics a truer and more comprehensive understanding of their own problem.

Happily there are many Argentine men in public life, in literature, and in other prominent pursuits who appreciate our country better and who court our coöperation. These men realize that any weakening that may have occurred in the influence of the pioneer race upon the nation's affairs is due largely to the Epicureanism and the absenteeism of many wealthy Spanish creoles, who should be devoting themselves to public service at home. . . .

I do not know under just what circumstances the idea of coöperation between Spain and Italy for the defense of their culture and civilization in the Spanish American countries arose. Opposition to such a project has been based upon the alleged enormous differences between the two nations. Anti-Italian propagandists greatly stress these differences It is a gross error to do so. The Spaniards and the Italians

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are the most closely related of the Latin nations. They are much more truly Latin than the French, who profess to represent the Latin world — although almost exclusively in their own selfish interest. It is no mere accident that for centuries the intellectual ties between Italy and Spain have been so close. It is no mere accident that we find so many communities of thought and culture between them. To-day this kinship is again accentuated by recent political developments in the two countries.

In a word, Argentina might well be the common pride of Spain and Italy, the ornament of two ancient and illustrious European nations. In that conception reside the happiest auspices for Argentina's future.

GRAZIA DELEDDA[1]

BY ELLEN LUNDBERG-NYBLOM

[GRAZIA DELEDDA is the Sardinian authoress who was awarded this year's Nobel Prize for literature.]

To Italy, as to most countries, the war brought a certain evolution in its literature, or, if not an evolution, at least a change in literary values. It is hard to decide whether or not the public profited. The desire to read is supposed to have increased. But it now seems as if eccentric and sensational themes, treated in a new, startling manner, attract most attention and are assured of the greatest success.

The old broad epic literature, quiet and uninterrupted as the outlines of the mountains, the imaginative *bel canto* — both are out of date. Men like Fogazzaro, Giacosa, and Verga are already regarded as 'classics,' while Grazia Deledda is a name that is mentioned with admiration, often with reverence. But like many of her contemporaries, she has moved to another plane — too early, one rightly feels.

Her art has played an important rôle, and it still possesses artistic vitality, powerful and stern as the poor soil of Sardinia whence it sprung — for Grazia Deledda was born a peasant girl on this island, of whose existence the Italians themselves are scarcely aware.

When you have the privilege of knowing Grazia Deledda personally, and when she breaks the reticence that encloses her nature like the rind of a fruit, you hear her tell marvelous and extraordinary tales about the strange, poor mountain isle, with its robber bands and gorgeous church festivals, its almost pagan customs, its stern, mediæval traditions, its crimes, superstitions, and vendettas, its deplorable ignorance and incredible poverty.

Grazia Deledda's childhood and early youth were passed in a deadly monotony with a family of very meagre income. Her talent at writing, however, soon made itself apparent, and she possessed sufficient strength to be able to free herself in time from inherited prejudices. Her love for her island never ceased eating away her heart, and

[1] From *Idun* (Stockholm women's weekly)

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she decided to devote her life to letting the world, and above all Italy, know the truth about the mute, forgotten island, which lacked nearly every essential to a decent life. She wanted to show how shamefully Sardinia had been neglected, how its noble people had degenerated into poverty and ignorance, having fallen prey to the mean usury and wretched legal system that spread over the entire land like a plague.

In a sense, therefore, her books are propaganda; they all have a 'tendency.' But her art, in her most important works, lifts them high above any given 'purpose.' With classic nobility, she describes the country's proud loneliness, both in its landscape and in its soul. She depicts the rearing mountain giants, in whose shadow little men and women live out their lives — all predestined to a tragic end, weighed down by unbearable fates, hunted, despairing, devoured by some passion, some longing, or some fixed idea, toiling in the sweat of their brow, filled with anguish, and terrified by thought of debt, revenge, and, in the end, eternal punishment. All this one does not forget.

Cenere (Ashes), the first of Grazia Deledda's novels, aroused a justified sensation. It is the story of a young man from Sardinia, intelligent and ambitious, who does not know who his mother is, and who is consumed with longing to find out to whom he owes the gift of life. Day and night he seeks her, never daring to rest. When he at last finds her, their reunion is poignantly cruel and horrible. She is a starving, shattered, bestial creature, who drags along the country roads in the company of the most abominable scum. But the young man, feeling that it is his duty to show pity and compassion, takes care of her, fighting all the time against his mad desire to see her dead, for she is blocking his future. Finally, as if in response to her son's silent wish, she takes her life. To us the psychological characterization seems at once extremely alien and very familiar. You feel deeply that this is Truth.

L'Edera (The Ivy), another novel of similar weight, perhaps contains a still more powerful element of terror. It deals with a young girl, who, in a frenzy of ecstatic devotion for the people who have adopted her, one night chokes the aged grandfather at whose bedside she is keeping vigil, for she is convinced that the old man is the evil spirit of the family; no happiness or progress can enter the house as long as he is alive. Although the members of the family all understand that she has committed the murder, they protect her, for she has become the self-appointed tool for their mute wishes. Since nobody will indict her, she is never convicted. But peace forsakes her. Haunted and remorseful, she drifts through the country, finally returning to the family to become the bride of the son, whom she has always loved — a prematurely old young man, self-indulgent, spineless, and heavily in debt. And once again she sits on the front steps of the ancient, dilapidated house, and life runs its course as before.

Grazia Deledda is a very prolific writer, and it would take too much space to mention all of her works. On several occasions she has ventured outside of her island and described the modern life of the Northern Italian cities; but one feels that these surroundings do not please her.

Her style is subdued, and even epical in its descriptive moments; her dramatic dialogue is concentrated and vital. Her language sounds charmingly poetical and picturesque to un-Italian ears, but certain Italian pedants of academic Latin criticize it none the less.

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Her landscape descriptions are sublime, and almost unsurpassed. In *Canne al vento* (Reeds in the Wind), a voluminous novel containing many brilliant characterizations and interesting Sardinian scenes, nothing etched itself so sharply in my memory as the description of the old hermit — one of the central figures in the book — as he walks down the mountain early one morning. She chooses her words and colors with supernatural grandeur and intimate realism. Her view of nature is both plastic and ethereal, and, in my opinion, altogether masterly.

It is somehow difficult to speak of the composition of Grazia Deledda's books. She simply relates the course of certain lives lived in the shadow of threatening mountains whose solitude only the robber bands disturb. Here, too, the vendetta still lives, expressing a family's desire for revenge — even, one might say, its feeling that revenge is a duty.

With such people, and such a natural background, it is no wonder that all Grazia Deledda's books have tragic endings. Not one of them contains a smile or any harmony. Not one of her characters, as nearly as I can remember, is a normal, stable individual — with the possible exception of the above-mentioned hermit. But he seems to walk all the time with one foot in eternity.

To judge from her books, Grazia Deledda might seem to possess a pessimistic, hopeless disposition, but that is far from the truth. Years ago her demeanor and bearing were perhaps stamped by a shy, inherited reticence, but since then life has brought her in touch with the world. It has given her a famous name, a home, a husband, and children. She is no longer isolated on her island. Her two young sons are her joy and pride, and she studied with them all through their years in school. She believes in Italy's growth and future — perhaps also in Sardinia's? She works continually, and in a strangely systematic manner, for two or three hours every day. Her production increases steadily, and now comprises some twenty volumes, the majority of which have been translated into French and English.

Grazia Deledda is better known in certain foreign countries than in Italy. 'Why?' inquired the literary critic, Mattencci, in the *Giornale d'Italia*. 'Because in Italy people read little and badly.' She has herself admitted that she is striving for a new, more varied mode of expression, as one of her recent novels, *Il Fiore della vita* (The Flower of Life), testifies. She spends the summers in Romagna and not on Sardinia, and thus broadens her views and receives new impressions of nature and of people. In other words, she is a cosmopolitan, at least superficially.

But I should imagine that despite all this her Sardinian spirit remains unchanged, and that her love for her dear, unfamiliar island burns as strongly as it did when she first saw its mountain peaks disappearing in the distance as she traveled toward the Italian mainland to meet life and literary fame.

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BUSINESS MEN'S ARTICLES

BY SIR JOSIAH STAMP AND FRANK ANDERS

THE STANDARD OF LIVING[1]

ANY broad comparisons which are made between the general standard of living in Europe in 1913 and that prevailing to-day must of necessity be profoundly affected by the inclusion of Russia. In that unhappy land the average standard of life seems to have fallen to a marked degree in recent years, and it is necessary, in endeavoring to assess, with even rough accuracy, the standard in Europe as a whole, to leave the Russian figures out of account.

So far as England is concerned, certain facts have recently been made clear from the Report of the Balfour and Colwyn Committees, and the researches of Professor Bowley and myself. The standard of living is somewhat higher than before the war for those in employment, but the actual total, including unemployment, is more in doubt. If a man has regular employment he has a better standard of life, but any attempt to establish a higher standard than the economic circumstances of the country will allow is continually offset by unemployment. The correlation between the measure of unemployed and the height of the real wage which is paid to those in employment has been extraordinarily high in this country since the war. The moral is that there is not much point in having a high standard if it is secured at the expense of an increased number of people who cannot get it.

In the case of France there is little evidence that the standard of living is materially different from that of prewar days, but in the case of Germany I should say that there has been a pronounced fall. Taking unemployment into consideration, I imagine that the standard of living in all Europe — even excluding Russia — is definitely lower than before the war.

To what extent has this fall been due to reparations and debts? This factor has, up to the present, had very little influence, because neither reparations nor debts are actually being paid to any large extent, or, where they are being technically paid, have often been offset by loans to the countries that owe them. Real produced wealth has not really been leaving the country affected; it has altered its bookkeeping title. For example, a factory is erected in Germany which indirectly is owned in America through moneys due to America, which are relent to Germany. The workpeople who have erected the factory have had the wages, and the effect upon their standard of life is confined to taxation of those wages. For the standard of life of a people may be maintained out of borrowed money or a mortgage of the country's assets or taxation ability. To a very considerable extent taxation for debt does not yet weigh heavily upon the workers' shoulders, but depresses the net income of the wealthy classes. When the debts come to be effectively paid by an export surplus from Europe, then real goods and the results of real labor will

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *October* 30

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be leaving, uncompensated for by any return, and the standard of life, being what is left, divided by the population, must be lower. But in Germany the effects of the war are by no means over; nor are the results of the subsequent inflation and disorganization; and although the recovery since 1923 has been in some respects remarkable, the absolute wealth of Germany is still rather low considering her potentialities.

The tariff walls built up by many of Europe's newer nations have undoubtedly affected the position. It is impossible to put a definite figure on it, but there is no question but that the aggregate consumable wealth is reduced in quantity by every additional barrier which is erected. As a statistical guess, not less than five per cent in the aggregate seems reasonable. So we must ask ourselves whether we have yet reached a position of post-war normality. In a rapidly shifting economic world normality is difficult to define. We are not entitled now to look upon pre-war conditions as being normal. We have to ask ourselves if we have not reached a point *around* which economic conditions will generally oscillate or fluctuate. I do not think we have had a sufficiently long period since the main break of 1921 to arrive at a definite conclusion on this point. We may look in vain for a 'normal' year for some time until adjustments in prices in most centres have completed themselves. They are not through with them in France yet; nor in Italy. Remember what the Irishman said: 'It is my belief there's not one average woman in fifty.' So if you are looking for a year which is a type of year in general it is still a little difficult.

Then we must consider also whether European population has passed the optimum point — the point where the divisor of population into natural resources gives the maximum individual dividend. To this question I think an affirmative answer could now be given. But here again the optimum point is not absolute; under changing conditions of industrial life it can be pushed considerably forward. It is not merely natural resources that have to be divided; it is social and scientific advance which may go far to make up the shortage, to made natural resources go further or to make them more easily acquired. Thus at the present moment I should say that relatively Europe is overpopulated, and the chief and earliest remedy would be to transfer some of the people to places where resources are richer.

What are the prospects of a higher standard of living in Europe? It is my opinion that it is still possible to have as high a standard in real value per person as before the war, but it will be then different in two senses. First, it would not increase as rapidly as in the pre-war decades, and, secondly, it would not be high in relation to some other parts of the world. The cancellation of Interallied debts and reparations might conceivably raise the standard by not exceeding one or two per cent in Great Britain at once; it would prove of immediate benefit to Germany, but not of appreciable benefit at once to France. Its ultimate effect upon France and Germany might, however, be considerable.

EXPORTING CAPITAL [2]

A REVOLUTION has occurred in the export of capital since the period before the war. Although the public is fairly familiar with the outstanding features of this change, and with the fact that the world's financial centre has shifted from Europe to America, the details and the full import of this revolution

[2] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October 29*

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deserve more careful study than they have hitherto received. Until the war the old capitalist states of Europe were the world's creditors. England had been the first to acquire this advantage, and France and Germany had followed in her footsteps. Several of the smaller European countries — above all, Holland and Switzerland — were in the same position.

Great Britain is commonly supposed to have received during the last years before the war about one billion dollars annually as interest or profits upon her investments abroad. Since about one half of her exported capital had gone to her colonies, which were generally able to borrow at less than five per cent, we may reasonably assume the total amount of Britain's lendings to have been at least twenty billion dollars. That was more than the aggregate sum invested or lent abroad by the rest of Europe. France's foreign credits did not exceed eight or nine billion dollars, while those of Germany were variously estimated at from six to ten billion dollars.

As we have said, about one half of Great Britain's exported capital was placed in the colonies. Most of the remainder was in the United States and South America. We are apt to forget that the United States was a debtor country up to the outbreak of the war. She owed more than three billion dollars to England, and one half that amount to France and Germany. Against the five billion dollars, in round numbers, which she owed to Europe stood a scant two billion dollars which she had invested in other countries, principally in South America and Asia. Her debit balance at the outbreak of the war was therefore in the neighborhood of three billion dollars.

All this has changed with remarkable rapidity. Germany has lost most of her foreign investments; she is sending practically no capital abroad. On the other hand, she is borrowing heavily from outsiders. France has lost outright at least two thirds of the eight or nine billions which she had invested or lent in other countries. One half of this loss was incurred in Turkey and Russia alone. Any arrangement which she may make hereafter with either of those countries for a settlement of these debts will reimburse but a small fraction of her losses. In addition France was obliged to sacrifice a large share of her foreign credits during the war to meet military expenses. It was through such transactions as these that the United States was able to pay the greater part of her debt to Europe. England fared better than any of the other Allies in this respect; she sacrificed only about one fourth of her foreign holdings — principally those in the United States and South America. During the first years following the war, moreover, she had an exceedingly favorable balance of trade, which enabled her to increase her foreign investments. Consequently it is estimated that by 1924 her income from such sources had again reached one billion dollars annually, or the same amount as before the war; but meanwhile the purchasing power of money had declined.

This brings us to a neglected but extremely important factor in the changes that have occurred in the international capital market. Assuming that England received one billion dollars annually from her foreign investments before the war, and that her commodity imports exceeded her exports by three fourths that sum, she still had a surplus of one quarter of a billion dollars annually to reinvest beyond her boundaries. If there had been no change in these ratios except that due to currency depreciation, she would still have suffered very heavy

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losses, for by the time her foreign interest collections again reached one billion dollars her excess of imports, while remaining quantitatively the same as before the war, amounted in money measurements, on account of the rise of prices, to one and one-quarter of a billion dollars instead of three fourths of a billion dollars.

Meanwhile the situation of the United States was precisely the reverse of this. That country profited enormously by depreciation. It paid back its five billion dollars of indebtedness to Europe during the war, at a time when commodity prices were at their highest, or one hundred and seventy points or more above the pre-war level. In other words, the Americans were able to wipe out their debts by paying two fifths of the principal in commodities. On the other hand, they accumulated vast credits abroad at a time when the depreciation of the currency was worse than it is to-day. This explains why during the thirteen years from 1914 to 1927 the United States has become the creditor country of the world.

Those credits are of two kinds, the debts of the Allied countries and private loans. The two classes are nominally equal in amount — in the neighborhood of twelve billion dollars each. But the Allied indebtedness is merely on paper. For even if France should agree to repay her debt upon the terms the Americans demand, the total annual interest which America would receive from the Allies would hardly exceed one quarter of a billion dollars, which would represent, on a five-per-cent basis, a principal of approximately five billion dollars. Since the Allied indebtedness to the United States, without counting interest, is nominally about ten billion dollars, the American Government has actually remitted one half of the principal due it. So far as the Allied borrowings alone are concerned, therefore, the Americans have not profited by the depreciation of the currency.

A different situation presents itself, however, when we come to Europe's private borrowings from transatlantic sources. These borrowings represent a constantly increasing fraction of America's exports of capital. In 1923 they were approximately one sixth of these; by 1925 they had risen to one half; and the latter ratio has remained fairly constant up to the present time.

How is the United States able to maintain this high rate of capital export? The answer is naturally to be found in her international credit balance. The statistics showing that balance, however, must be studied with great caution. Since 1923 America's annual capital exports have never fallen below one billion dollars, and they have been constantly growing. They will probably exceed one and one-half billion dollars in 1927. On the other hand, America's international credit balance is officially estimated at less than one billion dollars. That figure is obviously too low, for several reasons. In the first place, the average interest on the twelve million dollars of private loans which the Americans have made abroad is assumed to be five per cent, while nine tenths of such loans are actually returning a far higher rate. This alone accounts for several hundred million dollars. In the second place, the remittances of immigrants to Europe are presumably declining, on account of the Government's restriction policy. Last of all, the amount American tourists spend abroad, which is figured in reckoning this credit balance at six hundred million dollars annually, is probably too high. That balance really amounts to approximately one and one-half billion dollars a year. Measured in purchasing power, it is about the same as that of Great Britain before the war,

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or considerably below the total for England and Europe together at that time.

America's foreign investments, however, are constantly increasing. This is possible because she continues to have an excess of exports in spite of her steadily mounting interest receipts from other countries. During the first quarter of 1927 her favorable trade balance was one hundred and fifty-five million dollars. If we add to this approximately seven per cent interest upon her twelve billion dollars of private loans abroad, we approximately account for her capital exports during those three months. If we figure the present value of the amount the Allies owe her at five billion dollars, she has repaid her net foreign debt of three billion dollars in 1914, and has accumulated in addition credits of seventeen billion dollars against other countries within less than thirteen years. She now owns about one half of the world's foreign investments.

The United States is preëminently the world's creditor country to-day because her exports of capital are constantly expanding while those of Europe continue to contract. In all likelihood Germany will have no money to invest abroad for an indefinite period, in view of her heavy obligations for reparations; and no sensible man expects France to increase her foreign credits appreciably. England, however, is still a lending country; that is, foreign loans continue to be floated in London. But a careful analysis of Great Britain's international balance of payments during the past few years shows that her net income from investments outside the United Kingdom does not exceed her expenditures abroad, and that these loans therefore really represent conversions of already existing credits in other countries into new securities. In a word, the United States is the only nation that is actually exporting capital to-day in quantities sufficient to command consideration in a review like this. She has no competitor. Europe is living up to its income; it no longer has a surplus. That makes America distinctively the world's creditor country, although her foreign investments may not exceed in absolute figures those of Europe and her annual investments in other countries are not yet as large as those of Europe were before the war

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THE BOLT[1]

BY HJALMAR BERGMANN

ONE day the famous scribe, Galiel, came to Jesus, the young Nazarene. Since early morning Jesus had been sitting on the bench in front of his father's house, busily carving a bolt. Galiel's visit disturbed him somewhat, for the boy had no easy task before him; it required thought and manual skill. And this bolt possessed a special significance. Joseph, the father of Jesus, was a member of the local guild. He loved his son, and was amazed at his spiritual powers, but he felt uneasy as to how well the lad would get along in the world. In spite of the boy's great spiritual gifts, he had not shown himself an adept craftsman, and at the age of thirteen he had not been received as an apprentice member of the Carpenters' Guild. Worried but determined, his father tried to stimulate the boy's ambition by giving him a piece of wood and by saying to him: 'See here, my dear boy, let me see you make a bolt out of this piece of wood; and don't fail to make a well-turned, serviceable bolt before the sun has set. The order for this bolt comes from a distinguished house. If you succeed in the task I will have you made my apprentice in the Carpenters' Guild. Furthermore, you know that just one watermelon is ripening in our garden — the rest Yahweh in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to destroy. Now, my boy, if you do your work well, you will be allowed to eat all that melon yourself, and your mother and I will watch you without envy.'

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *October 9*

The bolt was therefore more important than Galiel; nevertheless, Jesus received the scribe with the greatest respect. After Galiel had sat down he began to speak as follows: 'See here, young man, the name of Galiel of Tiberias is perhaps not entirely unknown hereabouts. Must I remind you that I belong to the order of the scribes?'

The boy blushed, and sat at Galiel's feet. With his left hand he stroked Galiel's right foot, as well-bred young men are supposed to do when they greet a scribe. Having done this, he rose to his feet again, sat down on the bench, and continued to whittle at his bolt, for it was more important to him than Galiel.

The scribe resumed his talk. 'Well and good, my boy. I was passing by here, and thought that I must stop in and speak to you for a minute. Do not cherish too lofty ideas of yourself. Your discourse in the Temple has won you a certain fame. Now, my boy, how shall I begin to explain myself? It has been observed that you are a wise young man. Good! I come to the point.' And Galiel stroked his forehead with his hand as he spoke.

'My boy, I have a mother-in-law.' He stopped for a moment, and then continued, 'Naturally you cannot understand what that means.'

Jesus replied, 'No, that is something beyond me.'

At this point he ran into the house to his mother, and a minute later came back to Galiel with a freshly washed,

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lavender-scented cloth. Without dropping his work, he wiped the perspiring face and neck of his older visitor, and likewise mopped his own face, for he had been whittling his bolt zealously.

'What will happen,' he thought, 'if it should not be ready?' Was he never in his life to be worthy of being received into the Carpenters' Guild? The melon was a matter of no importance — he could easily get along without that. But to show himself incompetent! His father Joseph kept looking out of the door to see how he was coming along. Jesus could not see his face, but he heard the saw in the workshop hum louder when the door was opened, and he knew that he was being observed. His father watched him from the doorway, and his mother also was apparently standing near by.

And the scribe from Tiberias spoke and said: 'People in Jerusalem say of you, my boy, that you uttered great wisdom in the Temple, in spite of your youth. Listen, then, to the matter that I spoke of a minute ago. I will put it in the form of a question: What should a man do when he is carrying an unbearably heavy burden on his shoulders? I will not conceal the fact that the burden in this parable is my mother-in-law. What do you say, O Jesus?'

'I have my burden, too,' replied Jesus, and laughed gently. 'I must make this bolt: those are my orders.'

'Of course,' continued Galiel, 'I do not want to disturb you. But see here, my mother-in-law wears two faces. When I was young and strong she enjoyed my society and brought about my marriage with her daughter. In those days no one was better than I. But now that I have begun to grow old, which is something that no one can hinder, she has set her daughter against me and has said, "See, he is growing old!" That is very painful to me, as you can imagine. Why do you withhold your advice, young wise man of the Temple?'

Jesus answered, 'I do not know what to say.'

Galiel rose to his feet again, and his face was red. 'Obviously not! How could you know such things, while you are still so young?'

But after a little while he composed himself again, and whispered: 'Young master, you have given me wisdom. Allow an old expert to put it into words for you. You have said, "The years, and only the years, are our teachers."'

Jesus kept on whittling, and apparently heard nothing. Joseph and Mary looked anxiously out of the door. They were highly flattered that the scribe of Tiberias had visited their son, but the bolt was more important still; their work was their livelihood.

Suddenly the eyes of the scribe were filled with a light that seemed to capture all the sunshine of Gennesareth, and he said: 'My wife and I have a little daughter. She is just five years old, and an intractable little baggage she is. But I cannot lie, and I must confess that I am captivated by her. I will also confess to you — but you must not repeat it — that I play with her. Yes, that's just what I do. I, Galiel of Tiberias, crawl on all fours like a donkey and carry her on my back. Of course, this is strictly between ourselves. My mother-in-law, however, has taken advantage of my weakness, perhaps not without justice, to discredit me in the eyes of my wife. She says that I am stupid, that I am losing my dignity, and that I am dishonoring my calling and my God when I run around on all fours with the child on my back. What do you say now, wise youth of the Temple? Is it wrong of me to play?'

Still working on his bolt, Jesus replied with some annoyance, 'It is always very beautiful to play.'

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'Is n't that so!' exclaimed the scribe. 'Is n't that so! And if you only knew how lovely my little girl is!' The scribe relapsed into a beaming silence as radiant as a beautiful sunset.

The boy kept on working, and wiped the sweat from his face with Mary's cloth. He also noticed drops of sweat on his visitor's face, and hastened to wipe them off likewise. Galiel spoke again and said: 'God alone is holy, but it's hard when she, my mother-in-law, takes advantage of my play to set an obstacle between my wife and myself. "What a good-for-nothing you are!" she exclaims; and then says to my wife: "How he ignores you! What a mistake it was for you to marry him! How many others would have gladly been your husband!" But my brother-in-law, Peter the fisherman, whom you perhaps know, pays no attention to such complaints, and says to my mother-in-law: "Galiel is a good man, just the same. Everyone can't be perfect."'

'They can't, indeed,' agreed Jesus.

'And that's why,' continued Galiel, 'my marriage has become so unhappy. Yes, sir, very unhappy. And yet,' he added after a pause, 'I must say, I am compelled to say, that I and my wife were once happy.'

The boy looked at Galiel in astonishment. 'Why, Galiel, you say "I *must* say" you were happy. Why do you say "must"?'

As Jesus spoke these words the scribe recoiled, and in wide-eyed astonishment watched the boy as he continued whittling away at his piece of wood. After a few minutes' reflection the scribe went on: 'Our words betray us, as you have observed, young master. My "must" shows that I have never wished to be happy. For that reason I have to confess that once I was happy.' He laughed bitterly, and bowed to the young master of the Temple.

Jesus murmured in confusion, 'Poor Galiel! Is your mother-in-law such an evil woman?'

Galiel laughed once more, but more lightly this time, and replied: 'In and for herself she is perhaps a good woman. What do I know? But she is my mother-in-law, and that means that she does everything in her power to embitter the relations between my wife and me. And now you see why I am bearing an intolerable burden. Of course you, as a mere boy, cannot understand the nature or the weight of this load, but since I have heard of your spiritual prowess from important people in Jerusalem, I came here to ask you the following question: What should a man do when he is laden down with an intolerable burden?'

Jesus did not reply. Galiel looked intently at the boy as he sat there whittling, and after a few moments continued: 'Perhaps, Jesus, you are struck dumb by the honor that has befallen you. Here sits Galiel of Tiberias and speaks with you almost as he would with his equal. Be of good cheer, my boy — Galiel really values your capacity, and would never judge a boy like yourself harshly. Therefore speak freely.'

But Jesus still remained silent, and Galiel continued: 'As you will, Jesus. No one is going to make you discuss a theme that is beyond your powers. How can you be expected to know anything about a mother-in-law?'

With these words Galiel sank his head in his two hands and stared hopelessly before him, and, behold, the boy continued at his work until he noticed that the scribe's face was again moist with perspiration. Once more he wiped it off with his handkerchief, and Galiel spoke and said, 'Thank you, boy.'

Then he sat up and with fresh enthusiasm continued: 'Young man, I have made all this difficult journey

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simply in order to meet you. But I did not do it entirely for my own sake. I am a preceptor of youth, and when I heard that you were a talented boy I considered it my duty to test your understanding. Forget what I have said to you about my mother-in-law; I merely took her as an example of all that any man might consider hard and difficult. Now I will ask you one simple question, the question of a teacher to his pupil, and it runs: What shall a man do who has to carry a burden that is too heavy for him? Now, my young man of the Temple, crack that nut if you can.' And he turned toward the door of the house, where the father and mother of Jesus were standing, half concealed by the darkness within.

Naturally Joseph and Mary both heard Galiel's last words with a certain anxiety. They were the words of a teacher to his scholar, and the man's regard for Jesus obviously depended on the kind of answer he made. The father who had given the boy the task of making the bolt wondered if it would not have been better to leave him in peace, and the mother wondered whether a father was ever capable of doing anything that was not stupid. Both listened with increasing anxiety for the boy's answer.

And Jesus kept silent.

The tension was unendurable. For Galiel of Tiberias had really come the whole way to receive an answer. Suddenly Jesus got up and entered his parents' house. They looked at the boy with displeasure, for he had already won fame in the Temple, yet now seemed unable to answer a simple question. Mary seized him by the arm, but the boy said: 'Mother, please give me a bowl.' His mother Mary did so, and the boy filled it with water from the pitcher. And he mixed wine with the water, so that the drink was colored ruby red. Then Jesus took the bowl in his hand and bore it to the learned Galiel. He bowed down on his knee before the master, and with his left hand touched the man's right foot, while with the other hand he extended the bowl. And now the boy began to speak, having taken counsel with himself meanwhile.

'Galiel, my master, you have come a long way, and a long return journey lies before you. You bear, as you have said, a heavy burden, and you have spoken long and well. Ah, Galiel, your humble scholar, the young, ignorant Jesus, presumes that you are thirsty. Here is the pleasantest drink that you could desire.'

Galiel took the bowl, looked thoughtfully at the beautiful drink, and lifted it to his lips. He drank it, and then said: 'My boy, without doubt you are right: the way is long, and one becomes thirsty.' He got up and returned the empty bowl to Jesus with a gesture of thanks. Looking far off into the distance in the direction whence he had come and whither he would return, he laid his arm on the boy's shoulder and whispered in his ear: 'O boy of the Temple, O master, from your silence comes forth wisdom. Will you allow an old scholar to put it into words for you? The wisdom your silence has communicated to me runs as follows: "The purpose of a burden is that it should be borne."'

After speaking these words and taking a cordial farewell, Galiel departed from Nazareth and set forth for his native town. Hardly had the shadow of the worthy man disappeared than Joseph came out of the house and began to speak with some harshness. 'It's all very fine for you to have talked this way with a scribe, but the last person you seem to have thought of is your father. May I ask you what has happened to the bolt?'

With a gentle laugh Jesus pulled a

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piece of carefully whittled wood from the folds of his burnoose and showed it to Joseph. The astonished carpenter looked at the bolt for a minute in silence. Then he cried, 'Mary!'

Mary ran out, and Joseph handed her the piece of wood with these words: 'What do you think of that?'

Mary examined her son's handicraft just as closely as her husband had done, if not more so, and said, 'I consider that a remarkably well-made and handsome bolt.'

'Mary,' replied Joseph, a little proud of his apparent indifference before his wife — 'Mary, for once you are right. This bolt is well-made and handsome. But may I also inform you that our son Jesus has made it with his own hands?'

'I knew that all along,' replied Mary.

Joseph blushed with humiliation, and broke out: 'Do you know, O haughty mother, what that means to the poor parents? Do you know that neither you nor I can have a single taste of the only melon in our garden? Do you know that Jesus, and he alone, will eat it? Do you know, Mary, that your son has just been raised to the worthy Guild of Carpenters? The melon belongs to him.'

'I can bear that all right,' said Mary.

Swelling with fatherly pride, Joseph now turned to Jesus and spoke as follows: 'My young and hopeful boy, may you prosper in our chosen profession. The bolt that you have fashioned is good; it will close or open a door easily.'

Glowing with pride, the boy threw his arms around Joseph's neck and kissed his cheeks, and then threw his arms around his mother and embraced her even more tenderly. Finally he hastened out to the little garden and picked the single melon. Cutting it in three parts, he handed one to his mother, another to his father, and sank his keen young teeth into the third.

THE GERMAN BOOK SEASON[1]

BY WILLY HAAS
EDITOR OF THE 'LITERARISCHE WELT'

[ANY good firm of book importers should be able to supply all books mentioned in this article. The title of the book and the name of the publisher should be enough to ensure the filling of the order.]

THIS article is not written for everybody; it is intended for the really voracious bookworm who cannot wait a minute longer before being told what to read this winter.

I am particularly impressed with my own shortcomings. As a young student I used to read books by the hundred, but I liked the publishers' catalogues and almanacs best of all. The announcements of S. Fischer, the Inselverlag, and of Diederichs I could repeat in my sleep, backwards and forwards, with all the prices and descriptions of the bindings. I was almost as skillful

[1] From *Der Literarische Welt* (Berlin literary weekly), *October 7*

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at this as the young people of to-day are at distinguishing the different makes of automobiles, from the Rolls-Royce to the Ford.

This all came in handy later when I made a profession of it, but I think and hope that such fools as myself still exist, and to them I would speak as follows: —

'Dear fools and brothers: The greatest pleasure is anticipation. A new book for which we have waited hungrily is never as marvelous as we imagine it will be. Let us keep that point clearly in mind. The pleasantest moments in the life of a bookworm are those he spends reading publishers' catalogues and finding that his favorite author has just written a new book. The next most pleasant moment is when the book lies on his writing desk uncut. The third most pleasant moment is when he cuts the pages. What comes after that is often less pleasant.

'Therefore let us taste the pleasure of anticipation as fully as possible.'

Let me say this at the start: the books that I am mentioning are the ones that interested me. This may be unjust, but it is the most altruistic form of injustice. The epitome of human friendliness, as we know it here below, is to identify one's self with other people. More I cannot do.

In the second place, I am not even sure that I know everything that interests me. I have sent inquiries to the most important publishing houses, but how about the more remote, less known establishments? Did they reply to the questions that I asked them? Not very satisfactorily.

In the third place, I have no intention of giving a list of all the publishing houses or all the books. Omnivorous readers are warned that the publications mentioned here do not represent a complete list. The good Lord himself cannot pass judgment on books that have not yet appeared, and neither can a person who has only read a book in proof pass on its merits. I have read none in that way.

Let us begin with S. Fischer, if only because his name has engendered a tremendous respect in me during the past twenty years. To-day he has come of age and publishes people like Conrad, one of the finest epic writers of our time, Alfred Döblin, the greatest living German story-teller, Frank Harris, bursting with the joy of life, Thomas Mann, Hugo Hofmannsthal, Alfred Kerr, Johannes V. Jensen, and a number of young writers between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, like Klaus Mann, Ebermayer, Herbert Schlüter, and, above all, the greatest German dramatist since Kleist and Büchner, Gerhart Hauptmann.

For my part, I should like to praise two books in particular. One of them is Döblin's *Naturphilosophischen Aufsätze* (Essays in Nature Philosophy), two chapters of which in the *Neue Rundschau* made my mouth water. The second is Gerhart Hauptmann's new book, *Till Eulenspiegel*, said to be his greatest work since *Florian Geyer*.

I must also mention Hofmannsthal's *Der Turm* (The Tower), and place it nearly as high as the other two. It makes its first appearance to the general public this autumn, although it has already appeared in a private edition under the imprint of the Bremer Presse. I do not hesitate to rank this book as one of the most profound and beautiful works Hofmannsthal has ever given us, and I wish I could still look forward to the pleasure of reading it for the first time. Alfred Kerr's new travel book should also be on everyone's list.

If God gives me time, I should also like to read Hesse's *Nürnberger Reise*, the new book by Jensen, Frank Harris's *Shakespeare*, Herbert Schlüter's

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collection of short stories, and the poems of Lernet Holenia, for whose invincible Austrian patriotism I have a certain predilection, in spite of the bright, cold snobbishness that he also displays.

The Inselverlag, honoring the pious memory of Rainer Maria Rilke, is bringing out his collected works, including a collection of essays and prose fragments previously very difficult to secure, and likewise his unpublished letters. These books rank with the finest of his work, but they are naturally intensely subjective.

Leonhard Frank's new novel, *Das Ochsenfurter Männerquartett*, should be read by everyone who cares for really modern German literature. Such people should also read an Austrian novel by Felix Braun called *Agnes Altkirchner*, and a collection of short stories by a new author, Richard Friedenthal.

To me the most interesting historical publication of the present season is *The History of the House of Rothschild.* Eugen Conte Corti, whom we must also thank for his hugely interesting two-volume biography of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, on which the poet Werfel founded his well-known drama, has assembled this book from family documents.

And now comes my pleasantest duty — to recommend Franz Kafka's third novel, entitled *Amerika.* Anyone who has become acquainted with the talents of this writer in the *Literarische Welt* will surely dip into this volume. For my part, I can recommend no autumn publication more heartily. The book was brought out by the house of Kurt Wolff, and its publication was an act of the purest idealism, especially in our materialistic times. Kafka is certain to enjoy a world reputation within twenty years.

The Rowohlt Verlag, which founded and used to publish the *Literarische Welt*, is featuring a new book by Emil Ludwig, entitled *Kunst und Schicksal* (Art and Destiny), giving four pictures — Rembrandt, Beethoven, Weber, and Balzac. What I admire and enjoy in Emil Ludwig's type of essay is that it represents the supreme mastery of a kind of classic journalism similar to that of Taine and Macaulay, and as good. I have read most of his books with interest and enthusiasm, and have learned more from any one of them than from a dozen conventional biographies and histories.

Alfred Polgar has written a new collection of his poetic skits, *Ich bin Zeuge* (I Bear Witness), also published by Rowohlt. One of the most interesting of the young German writers, Hermann Ungar, has also produced a new novel, *Die Klasse;* and Meier-Graefe has written his Egyptian diary. Arnolt Bronnen describes the movie colony in Hollywood in his life of the film star Barbara La Marr, who ended an amazingly sensational life with suicide.

Since I have spoken of Emil Ludwig's type of historical biography, I am reminded of four other works of a similar nature. The first of these is *Wilhelm I*, by Paul Wiegler, published by Avalunverlag. The second, Balder Olden's *Ich bin ich* (I am I), published by the Universitasverlag, presents as a hero the tremendously interesting and half-forgotten figure of Karl Peters, a German Cecil Rhodes in miniature. He was in part a daring speculator and in part a gifted historical prophet. This initiator of German colonial policy possessed a highly complex nature, which Emil Ludwig has already explored in one of his essays.

Thirdly, I can recommend Herbert Eulenberg's *Die Hohenzollern*, published by the Bruno Cassirer Verlag, the latest addition to that author's series of 'Silhouettes.' Last but not least

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come Heinrich Eduard Jacob's three poetic variations on historical themes, collected into a single book by the Rütten und Loening Verlag, one of which, describing Byron in Scotland, appeared in this journal last year.

The new generation of novelists has displayed remarkably rich activity this autumn. Arnold Zweig, Frank Thiess, Hans Sochaczewer, and Paludan, one of the most important young Scandinavian writers, have produced new novels or collections of stories.

When the postman brought me Franz Werfel's *Geheimnis eines Menschen* (One Man's Secret), published by the Zsolnay Verlag, I shut myself off from the outer world for a whole day, for its author has never charmed me more. It is a kind of bizarre swan song of declining royal and imperial Austria and of that muddle-headed, wicked, corrupt, merciless, slovenly, musical, bloodthirsty Francis Joseph, whose monarchy oppressed the country for nearly seventy years.

Another day must also be reserved for *Zenobi*, a novel by Efraim Frisch, a man whom almost no one knows but who seems to me one of the most profound and spiritual writers in modern Germany. This volume is published by the Bruno Cassirer Verlag.

A third day must be saved for *Die Studenten von Lyon* (The Students of Lyon), by Josef Ponten, published by the Deutschen Verlagsanstalt.

It looks as if my plan of studies would extend through 1929.

How many of these books can one person really read? The gods only know. The author proposes and God disposes, and after ten pages one can often tell if the remaining three hundred and ninety are worth reading, and if they are not can shut the book. I recommend the following receipt to real book-lovers: Never read anything to the end that you do not feel you must finish after you have read ten or twenty pages. Do not fill your head to overflowing. Do not read just to be educated or to keep abreast of conversation.

This reminds me of a delightful story that Anatole France tells somewhere. It seems that the Bishop of So-and-So was led into the enormous library of the Duke of So-and-So, a tremendous littérateur. The Bishop stood there in amazement, and exclaimed, 'No human brain could encompass all the wisdom that is contained in these books'; and then added with a slight laugh, 'And what's more, there would be no point if it did.'

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'MOTHER INDIA': A SYMPOSIUM[1]

BY M. K. GANDHI AND RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I

[MISS MAYO's recent book on *Mother India*, in which certain of the customs and institutions of the peoples of India are attacked, has aroused great resentment in India itself. Among those who have retorted at length is Mr. Gandhi, the Indian politician and reformer, and from his article in *Young India* we take the following passages.]

THE book is without doubt untruthful, be the facts stated ever so truthful. If I open out and describe with punctilious care all the stench exuded from the drains of London and say, 'Behold London,' my facts will be incapable of challenge, but my judgment will be rightly condemned as a travesty of truth. Miss Mayo's book is nothing better, nothing else.

It is doubly untruthful. It is untruthful in that she condemns a whole nation, or, in her words, 'the peoples of India,' — she will not have us as one nation, — practically without any reservation, as to their sanitation, morals, religion, and so forth. It is also untruthful because she claims for the British Government merits which cannot be sustained and which many an honest British officer would blush to see the Government credited with. . . . Miss Mayo is an avowed Indophobe and Anglophile, refusing to see anything good about Indians and anything bad about the British and their rule.

Nor are all the authoress's quotations or isolated facts truthfully stated. I propose to pick up those I have personal knowledge of. The book bristles with quotations torn from their contexts and with extracts which have been authoritatively challenged.

The authoress has violated all sense of propriety by associating the Poet's name with child marriage. The Poet has indeed referred to early marriage as not an undesirable institution. But there is a world of difference between child marriage and early marriage. If she had taken the trouble of making the acquaintance of the free and freedom-loving girls and women of Shantiniketan she would have known the Poet's meaning of early marriage.

She has done me the honor of quoting me frequently in support of her argument. Any person who collects extracts from a reformer's diary, tears them from their context, and proceeds to condemn, on the strength of these, the people in whose midst the reformer has worked would get no hearing from sane and unbiased readers or hearers.

But in her hurry to see everything Indian in a bad light she has not only taken liberty with my writings, but she has not thought it necessary even to verify through me certain things ascribed by her or others to me.

The nineteenth chapter is a collection of authorities in praise of the

[1] From *Young India* (Gandhi weekly), *September* 15, and *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *October* 11

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achievements of the British Government, almost every one of which has been repeatedly challenged both by English and Indian writers of unimpeachable integrity. The seventeenth chapter is written to show that we are a 'world menace.' If as a result of Miss Mayo's effort the League of Nations is moved to declare India a segregated country unfit for exploitation, I have no doubt both the West and the East would be the gainers. We may then have our internecine wars; Hindus may be eaten up, as she threatens, by the hordes from the Northwest and Central Asia — that were a position infinitely superior to one of ever-growing emasculation. Even as electrocution is humaner than roasting alive, so would a sudden overwhelming swoop from Central Asia upon the unresisting, insanitary, superstitious, and sexuality-ridden Hindus, as Miss Mayo describes us to be, be a humane deliverance from the living and ignominious death which we are going through at the present moment. Unfortunately, however, such is not Miss Mayo's goal; her case is to perpetuate white domination in India on the plea of India's unfitness to rule herself.

There are many statements which Miss Mayo puts into the mouths of Englishmen and Englishwomen living in India.

All I can say with reference to these statements is that if some of them were really made by the authors they are unworthy of the trust reposed in them, and they have done an injustice to their wards or patients as well as to the race to which they belong.

I should be sorry indeed to think that there are many Englishmen and Englishwomen who say one thing to their Indian friends and another to their Western confidants. Those Englishmen and Englishwomen who may chance to read the sweepings gathered together by Miss Mayo with her muckrake will recognize the statements I have in mind. In seeking to see an India degraded, Miss Mayo has unconsciously degraded the characters whom she has used as her instruments for proving her facts, which she boasts cannot be 'disproved or shaken.' I hope I have given sufficient prima facie proof in this article to show that many of her facts stand disproved even in isolation. Put together they give a wholly false picture.

But why am I writing this article? Not for the Indian readers, but for the many American and English readers who read these pages from week to week with sympathy and attention. I warn them against believing this book. I do not remember having given the message Miss Mayo imputes to me. The only one present who took any notes at all has no recollection of the message imputed to me.

I warn Americans and Englishmen against copying Miss Mayo. She came, not with an open mind, as she claims, but with her preconceived notions and prejudices which she betrays on every page, not excluding even the introductory chapter in which she recites the claim.

The irony of it all is that she has inscribed this book 'To the peoples of India.' She has certainly not written it as a reformer and out of love. If I am mistaken in my estimate, let her come back to India; let her subject herself to cross-examination, and if her statements escape unhurt through the fire of cross-examination, let her live in our midst and reform our lives. So much for Miss Mayo and her readers.

I must now come to the other side of the picture. While I consider the book to be unfit to be placed before Americans and Englishmen, — for it can do no good to them, — it is a book that every Indian can read with some degree

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of profit. We may repudiate the charge as it has been framed by her, but we may not repudiate the substance underlying the many allegations she has made. It is a good thing to see ourselves as others see us. We need not even examine the motive with which the book is written. A cautious reformer may make some use of it.

But let us not resent being made aware of the dark side of the picture wherever it exists. Overdrawn her pictures of our insanitation, child marriages, and so on, undoubtedly are. But let them serve as a spur to much greater effort than we have hitherto put forth in order to rid society of all cause of reproach. While we may be thankful for anything good that foreign visitors may be able honestly to say of us, if we curb our anger we shall learn, as I have certainly learned, more from our critics than from our patrons.

The agitation that has been set up against the book is in danger of being overdone. There is no cause for fury. I would here close this review — which I have undertaken with the greatest reluctance, and under great pressure of work — with a paraphrase of a beautiful couplet from Tulasidas: 'Everything created by God, animate or inanimate, has its good and bad side. The wise man, like the fabled bird which, separating the cream of milk from its water, helped himself to the cream, leaving the water alone, will take the good from everything, leaving the bad alone.'

II

SIR: —

May I appeal to your sense of justice and claim a place in your paper for this letter of mine which I am compelled to write in vindication of my position as a representative of India against a most unjustifiable attack?

While traveling in this island of Bali I have just chanced upon a copy of the *New Statesman* of July 16, containing the review of a book on India written by a tourist from America. The reviewer, while supporting with an unctuous virulence all the calumnies heaped upon our people by the authoress, and while calling repeated attention to the common Hindu vice of untruthfulness even among the greatest of us, has made public a malicious piece of fabrication, not as one of the specimens picked up from a show case of wholesale abuse displayed in this or some other book, but as a gratuitous information about the truth of which the writer tacitly insinuates his own personal testimony. It runs as thus: 'The poet Sir Rabindranath Tagore expresses in print his conviction that marriage should be consummated before puberty in order to avert the vagaries of female sexual desire.'

We have become painfully familiar with deliberate circulation of hideous lies in the West against enemy countries, but a similar propaganda against individuals, whose countrymen have obviously offended the writer by their political aspirations, has come to me as a surprise. If the people of the United States had ever made themselves politically obnoxious to England, it is imaginable how an English writer of this type would take a gloating delight in proving, with profuse helps from the news columns in the American journals, their criminal propensity, and quote for his support their constant indulgence in vicarious enjoyment of crimes through cinema pictures. But would he, in the fiercest frenzy of his rhetoric running amok, dare to make the monstrous accusation, let us say, against the late President Wilson of ever having expressed his pious conviction that the lynching of the negroes was a moral necessity in a superior civilization for cultivating Christian

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virtues? Or would he venture to ascribe to Professor Dewey the theory that centuries of witch-burning have developed in the Western peoples the quick moral sensitiveness that helps them in judging and condemning others whom they do not know or understand or like and about whose culpability they are never in lack of conclusive evidence? But has it been made so easily possible in my case, such a deliberately untruthful irresponsibility in this writer, condoned by the editor, by the fact that the victim was no better than a British subject who by accident of his birth has happened to be a Hindu and not belonging to the Moslem community, which, according to the writer, is specially favored by his people and our Government?

May I point out in this connection that selected documents of facts generalized into an unqualified statement affecting a whole large population may become in the hands of the tourist from across the sea a poison-tipped arrow of the most heinous form of untruth, to which the British nation itself may afford a broadly easy target. It is a cunning lie against a community which the writer has used when he describes the Hindus as cow-dung eaters. It is just as outrageous as to introduce Englishmen to those who know them imperfectly as addicted to the cocaine habit because cocaine is commonly used in their dentistry. In Hindu India only in rare cases an exceedingly small quantity of cow dung is used, not as an ingredient in their meals, but as a part of the performance of expiatory rites for some violation of social convention. One who has no special interest or pleasure in creating ill-feeling toward the Europeans will, if he is honest, hesitate in describing them, though seemingly with a greater justice than in the other case, as eaters of live creatures or of rotten food, mentioning oyster and cheese for illustration. It is the subtlest method of falsehood, this placing of exaggerated emphasis upon insignificant details, giving to the exception the appearance of the rule.

The instances of moral perversity, when observed in alien surroundings, naturally loom large to us, because the positive power of sanitation which works from within and the counteracting forces that keep up social balance are not evident to a stranger, especially to one who has the craving for an intemperate luxury of moral indignation, which very often is the sign of the same morbid pathology seen from behind. When such a critic comes to the East not for truth but for the chuckling enjoyment of an exaggerated self-complacency, and when he underlines some social aberrations with his exultant red pencil, glaringly emphasizing them out of their context, he goads our own young critics to play the identical unholy game. They also, with the help of the numerous guidebooks supplied by unimpeachable agency for the good of humanity, explore the dark recesses of Western society, the breeding grounds of nauseous habits and moral filthiness, some of which have a dangerous cover of a respectable exterior; they also select their choice specimens of rottenness with the same pious zeal and sanctimonious pleasure as their foreign models have in besmearing the name of a whole nation with the mud from ditches that may represent an undoubted fact yet not the complete truth.

And thus is generated the endless vicious circle of mutual recrimination and ever-accumulating misunderstandings that are perilous for the peace of the world. Of course our young critic in the East is under a disadvantage. For the Western peoples have an enormously magnifying organ of a sound that goes deep and reaches far, either

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when they malign others or defend themselves against accusations which touch them to the quick; whereas our own mortified critic struggles with his unaided lungs that can whisper and sigh but not shout. But is it not known that our inarticulate emotions become highly inflammable when crowded in the underground cellars of our mind, darkly silent? The whole of the Eastern continent is daily being helped in the storage of such explosives by the critics of the West, who, with a delicious sense of duty done, are ever ready to give vent to their blind prejudices while tenderly nourishing a comfortable conscience that lulls them into forgetting that they also have their Western analogies in moral license, only in different garbs made in their fashionable establishments or in their slums. However, let me strongly assure my English and other Western readers that neither I nor my indignant Indian friends whom I have with me have ever had the least shadow of intimation of what has been described in this book and quoted with a grin of conviction by this writer as the usual practice in the training of sexual extravagance. I hope such Western readers will understand my difficulty in giving an absolute denial to certain facts alleged when they remember the occasional startling disclosures in their own society in Europe and America, allowing to the unsuspecting public a sudden glimpse of systematic orgies of sexual abnormality in an environment which is supposed not to represent 'subhuman civilization.'

The writer in the *New Statesman* has suggested for the good of the world that the people in India condemned by the tourist for malpractices should never be assisted by the benevolent British soldiers safely to preserve their existence and continue their race. He evidently chooses to ignore the fact that these people have maintained their life and culture without the help of the British soldiers for a longer series of centuries than his own people have. However that may be, I shrink from borrowing my wisdom from this source and from making a similarly annihilating suggestion for his kind of writers, who spread about the malignant contagion of race hatred; because, in spite of provocations, we should have a patient faith in human nature for its unlimited capacity for improvement, and let us hope to be rid of the lurking persistence of barbarism in man, not through elimination of the noxious elements by physical destruction, but through the education of mind and a discipline of true culture.

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ZOLA IN SPAIN[1]

BY ANDRENIO

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of Zola's death has dragged the famous but neglected novelist out of the shadow that has overcast his memory, and recalls to us his influence in Spain. That influence is already of purely historical interest, for, although Zola was by no means a mere literary meteor who left but a transient train of light behind him, the present school of Spanish fiction has virtually forgotten him. Between ourselves, literary fashions change with remarkable facility. Nothing is more superficial than our intellectual and æsthetic tastes. In many respects they resemble fireworks. We try to be up to the minute in literature, although here in Spain we are apt to be more than a minute late.

Zola's influence in Spain was more a fashion — or, if you so prefer, a logical result of the conditions of the moment — than the effect of affinity between Spanish realism and French naturalism. Zola's works were widely read in our country. He was discussed everywhere and he was widely imitated, for his naturalist novel was a phenomenon of universal import in the literature of the epoch. Furthermore, France's cultural example, despite the protests of our Gallophobes, is one of the most constant forces acting upon our literature.

Zola's influence in Spain, moreover, was of several kinds. In the first place, his books were immensely popular with the public. For a time he was unquestionably the most widely read of any foreign author. But that was equally true in other countries. The number of copies of his works published in foreign languages exceeded the number published in his native tongue, notwithstanding the almost international character of the idiom in which he wrote.

All his novels, and even his critical and polemical works, were translated into Spanish — at first in a rather haphazard way, but later with great care and in excellent editions. His publishers here made money, for the sales of some of his novels reached one hundred thousand copies. Translations were made from the galleys of his first French edition, so that the two versions could appear simultaneously and Spanish editions could be sent to America before they could be pirated there. I understand that Emilia Pardo Bazán translated one of his stories without signing it. Clarín did another, and I myself a third. Mine was *Truth*, and of several translations which I made at that period of my career this was the most difficult. Classicists like Renan were easy enough, but Zola proved a knotty problem, partly because of the wealth and the popular character of his vocabulary, and partly — especially in his last novels, which were written in a poetic style — because it was almost impossible to preserve the structure of his ample paragraphs, which at times became veritable prose poems. Of course, it was always possible to adopt a simpler construction and to break up these paragraphs; but that changed the whole

[1] From *La Gaceta Literaria* (Madrid literary weekly), *November* 1

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physiognomy and style of his writing. *Truth* was the third of his 'gospels,' and was Zola's last work. When he died, by an accident, in the fullness of his powers, he was engaged upon the last of the 'gospels,' *Justice*, and of his social dramas, *La France en marche*.

Another aspect of Zola's influence was the great doctrinal debate he started among our writers and critics. The most eminent of these took up the issue — Emilia Pardo Bazán with *La Cuestión palpitante*, Valera with *Apuntes para el nuevo arte de escribir novelas*, Cánovas in his lectures on literature, Clarín and Ixart in their critical essays, and Menéndez y Pelayo in his disquisition, apropos of Pereda, upon Spanish realism and French naturalism.

All literary discussion in Spain was monopolized for a time by this controversy. Everyone thought it was his duty to say something about naturalism. Subtle distinctions were drawn between the naturalism of France and the realism of Spain by writers who sought to clear themselves from any suspicion of Gallican influence. Although these efforts were sometimes exaggerated by a desire to assert our own originality, there is an actual difference between the two styles of fiction. Zola's naturalism was doctrinal, a poetical version of a scientific movement, only the edge of which touched Spain. It was transcendental realism. Menéndez y Pelayo caught a glimpse of this fact when he said that the distinction between the two schools was largely one of temperament, since some authors are drawn toward the universal and others toward the concrete and particular; and that although both had an identical origin, it was well, in view of the fact that naturalism had become a militant and almost demagogic movement, to give a different shading to the two words.

It was this 'demagogic,' or perhaps better said, democratic, temper of Zola's work that frightened many Spaniards. In a lower order of criticism he was accused of impurity and vulgarity. That was pure hypocritical fault-finding, but it was very popular at the time, though it came in ill part from some of his critics. Zola refuted this charge with his accustomed vigor. 'Impure literature,' he wrote, 'that is, the lewd literature begotten of a swinish imagination, has no instructive or reforming purpose, and can be conceived only in the brain of a novelist of the spiritualist school.' Although that assertion may seem a *boutade* at first glance, it hits the nail on the head. Morbid pondering on vice, the absence of a moral or informative purpose, are the very essence of libertine literature. Zola's *Nana*, which is most exposed of any of his works to this charge, has no kinship whatever with the tales of gallantry of the eighteenth century. It is the book of a diagnostician of degeneracy, the work of a moralist who paints a harsh, unsparing picture of the corruption of the Second Empire.

In addition to his influence upon the Spanish public as perhaps the most widely read novelist of his day, and his influence upon literary doctrine in Spain, Zola was widely imitated by our writers. In other words, he was a specifically artistic force. His effect upon the literature of the time, however, must be appraised with extreme discrimination. He undoubtedly influenced Pardo Bazán, Clarín, and above all Blasco Ibáñez, but only within limits, and without robbing them of their personal identity and local color. *Arroz y Tartana* is in composition and treatment Ibáñez's most Zolaesque novel, and yet that Valencian mosaic, displaying every tint of the province's color gamut, was the forerunner of such masterpieces as *La Barraca* and *Cañas y Barro*, which are not Zolaesque. His

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novels of cities, *La Catedral*, *El Intruso*, *La Bodega*, and *La Horda*, are planned along lines somewhat similar to those of *Les trois villes*, but are entirely Spanish, not only in their scenery, but also in their treatment.

As a matter of fact, Zola's influence upon our writers was that of a stimulant rather than of a model or mentor. As has happened repeatedly in the history of our literature, which is distinguished by descriptive more than by inventive power, an alien influence was quickly assimilated and naturalized. The forms brought from abroad were clothed with our own flesh and blood.

Without overestimating Zola's influence, we may say that it was upon the whole beneficial. He taught our authors to deal freely with their material and to emancipate themselves from the trammels of a stupid literary affectation. The debate upon naturalism was the most important episode in the criticism of the day. It aroused interest in general ideas in literature. The public that read Zola's intensely human and red-blooded works could never return to the insipid inanities of the past. Its members were preparing themselves to read the Spanish novelists of to-day, and they were thus lifting all our intellectual and artistic standards to a higher level.

NOEL: A FRAGMENT[1]

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

Paris, Christmas Eve, 1456. At the tavern called the Mule, opposite St. Bennet's Cloister, near Sorbonne.

(The time is about a quarter to midnight. The night is bitterly cold, and through the window at the back snow is seen falling. Three tallow torches gutter in their holders in the draught from the open door at the back leading to the street, and the ragged tapestry on one of the walls flutters and flaps. In the wide open fireplace a fire is dying. The floor is sparsely strewn with dirty rushes, mixed with mud and snow.

At this precise moment all the nightly clients of the Mule have just made a scrambling exit through a smaller door on the right, leading to a passage contrived to facilitate urgent departures. All, that is, save two, who are standing in the middle of the room, facing a SERGEANT *and two* ARCHERS *of Paris, who, judging by the overturned stools and flagons on the floor, have just entered on business. There is one other person in the room — a small bent old woman muffled in a cloak and hood, who is sitting on a stool near the fireplace rocking feebly to and fro.*

The two men facing the SERGEANT *and his* ARCHERS *wear shabby academic gowns and an air of bravado. Both are sharp-featured and furtive. Their names are* FRANÇOIS VILLON *and* COLIN DES CAYEULX, *members of the University of Paris. As the* ARCHERS *burst into the Mule the two have just completed their arrangements for breaking this same night into the College of Navarre, — where the Faculty of Theology has a*

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Conservative weekly), *December* 4

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chest containing some three hundred gold pieces, — and have not had time, like the others, to get away. The SERGEANT, *a robust and at heart kindly officer, contemplates them with satisfaction.*)

SERGEANT. Take your time, Ma. Get your breath. (*To* VILLON *and* CAYEULX) Now, my lads. Fancy I know you, don't I?

CAYEULX (*politely*). A poor scholar, sir. At your service.

SERGEANT. Yes; yes; yes. A fine bird you are. I've seen you before. (*Peers at* VILLON.) And your ugly pal too. No, don't move. Corbeau! Pontet! If either of these tries to hop off, you give 'im the steel. Understand?

ARCHERS. Ay, ay, Sergeant.

(*The* SERGEANT *casts a glance round the tavern.*)

SERGEANT. Always sure of getting something here, I must say. Nice little pub this is! Charming company! Ho, yes. (*Laughs ironically and stirs the fire with a boot. To the* OLD WOMAN) Now then, Ma. Feeling better?

OLD WOMAN (*feebly*). Yes, sir, a little, thank you, sir.

SERGEANT (*briskly*). Well, then. To business. Stand steady, you two.

CAYEULX (*politely*). Might I make bold to inquire, sir, what charge, if any, you have to bring against us, or under what suspicion we appear to lie?

SERGEANT. The charge against you I'm coming to directly. The charge against your pretty friend fust. (*Coughs and spits into the fire.*) Now then, you. Where was you half an hour after sundown on the night of Thursday, the twenty-third? Wait! (*Puts up his hand.*) I'll tell you. It'll save time. You was 'anging round a certain church. That church was Saint-Sévérin. One of the watch seen you 'anging round the porch, waiting for the people coming out. You were there prowlin' about watching your chance of nipping orf with somebody's purse. I know your 'abits, my friend. We 'ad you in the Châtelet one day for stabbin' a bloke outside St. Merri. Little drops of water forced down your gullet don't seem to do you no good. It'll be something 'arder to swallow this time, let me tell you. Well, you 'ung round, and when they come out you followed a old woman down the dark side of the 'ill toward the river. You then suddenly 'it the old woman over the 'ead, grabbed 'er satchel, and run like 'ell toward the direction of the Pont Neuf. You was recognized by 'er on account of your striped 'ose, and also by your — (*To* CAYEULX) What are you doing?

(CAYEULX *has been edging gently toward one of the torches — the one of two still remaining.*)

CAYEULX. Nothing, Sergeant. I am listening to your discourse with keen interest.

SERGEANT. None o' your lip, my lad. Your turn's coming.

CAYEULX (*politely*). If you say so, Sergeant. Certainly.

(*The* SERGEANT *turns to the* OLD WOMAN. *As he does so* CAYEULX *with lightning speed kicks a stool behind the knees of the* ARCHER *on the right, who falls to the ground; and giving his brother* ARCHER *a violent shove, brings him down also.* CAYEULX *leaps between them, vaults a table, and is out of the door almost before the* SERGEANT *can turn.*)

SERGEANT (*spluttering*). *Mordieu!* After him! Fools! Imbeciles! Catch him! Never mind this bloke. Run! You misbegotten sons of dogs! Run!

(*The* ARCHERS *rise clumsily and run out.*)

SERGEANT (*raging*). Gord 'elp 'im, I say. 'E'll know all about it when we get 'im, the blasted gallows bird. I would n't be in 'is skin for a few crowns when Messire Thibaut gets 'is 'ands on 'im in the lower chamber. 'E'll sing a loud song, I tell you. (*He puffs and*

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fumes, and calms down with an effort.) Now then, you. Let's get you settled, any'ow. Get up, Ma. (*The* OLD WOMAN *rises with difficulty.*) Go over and 'ave a good look at the pretty gentleman over there, and tell me if 'e is n't the one what nipped your bag. Blimey! A sport, 'e is! Pinching five brass 'uns and a 'oly medal from a poor old woman old enough to be 'is mother! Now, Ma. Quick as you like.

(*The* OLD WOMAN *approaches* VILLON *slowly. He shrinks back into the shadow. She peers at him. He shrinks farther. Suddenly with a little whimpering cry she draws his head down and puts her arms round his neck.*

OLD WOMAN. Oh, my dearie! Is it you? My dearie!

(VILLON *looks at her with a queer expression.*)

VILLON. Yes, Mother.

(*She strokes his head with trembling hands.*)

SERGEANT (*staring*). Ho! And very pretty, too. Can't rob enough old women, but must rob 'is aged mother! A very nice boy, Ma. (VILLON *has sat down. His mother is stroking his head.*) Well? 'E *is* the one, is n't 'e?

OLD WOMAN (*trembling*). No, sir.

SERGEANT. Come, come, Ma. You know. Why, you gave 'is true description.

OLD WOMAN. No, sir. This is n't the one.

SERGEANT (*impatiently*). You won't save 'im from what's coming to 'im, you know, by saying that. We've 'ad our eye on 'im. The Provost knows 'im. Leader of a gang, 'e is. They'll pinch anything. They'd pinch the Archbishop's ring while 'e was confirming 'em. Thorough bad 'ats, the 'ole lot. I know 'im. An' 'e's a blooming poet too, Gord 'elp us! Makes up rimes instead of doing a honest day's work. (*Spits in disgust.*) That's a pretty thing to be. Sneak thieves is 'uman, but to make up blooming rimes all day — blimey, Ma, it's agin nature. 'E'll 'ang, all right. It's coming to 'im. Stand up, you. What's your name, now?

VILLON. Montcorbier, François. Called Villon.

SERGEANT. Age?

VILLON. Twenty-five.

SERGEANT. Birthplace?

VILLON. Paris.

SERGEANT. Civil status, if any?

VILLON. Master of Arts.

OLD WOMAN (*trembling*). A very good boy, sir, and clever. A bit headstrong, but a good boy. He is at the University, sir. He is very good to me. He —

(*The* SERGEANT *lifts a magisterial finger.*)

SERGEANT. Lots o' things 'e's qualified in, Ma, besides recitin' 'Omer and that Latin lot, believe me.

(*The* OLD WOMAN *utters a cry.*)

VILLON. All right, Mother. Don't take on.

OLD WOMAN. My dearie! (*She puts her arms round him.*)

SERGEANT. Don't take on, Ma. I'm a family man myself. Gord bless you, 'e'll only give you a peck of trouble. 'E's better 'ung. I've got one o' my own 'oo'l go through it one day. Just a bit o' bad luck on the likes o' you and me, that's all.

OLD WOMAN (*with a cry*). They won't hang 'im, sir?

SERGEANT (*scratching his chin*). Well, Ma, it's all according. Some cases they just 'ands over to Messire Thibaut, and 'e and 'is men deals with 'em. (VILLON *shivers.*) Some they brands, and some they shoves in prison, and some they just takes and 'angs, to save everybody trouble, like. (*Judicially*) 'E's about due for the 'igh jump, I think.

VILLON. Sergeant! Can I speak to my mother?

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SERGEANT. Certainly, my lad. (*A chime of bells outside*) Don't make 'er late for church. It's near midnight. (*He sits on a stool, with his halberd across his knees, watching them.*)

VILLON. Mother, you must go.

OLD WOMAN. Hush, dearie.

VILLON. They will take me away directly.

OLD WOMAN. I will come with you, my dearie.

VILLON. Where I am going, Mother, you can't. (*Pause*) This is n't the only thing they've got me for. They only wanted this.

OLD WOMAN. This what, dearie?

VILLON. This — this stealing your bag.

OLD WOMAN. But you did n't, my dearie. It was a tall gentleman, with a shade over his eye.

SERGEANT. Come, come, Ma.

OLD WOMAN. Yes, indeed it was, sir.

VILLON. Mother!

OLD WOMAN. I surely know my own son, sir.

SERGEANT. You say it was n't 'im now?

OLD WOMAN. No, sir. It was n't.

SERGEANT. You'll 'ave to take your oath, Ma. Do you still say that?

(*The* OLD WOMAN *stiffens.*)

OLD WOMAN (*feebly*). It was a tall man, sir, with a shade over his eye.

SERGEANT. You are prepared to swear that?

(*The* OLD WOMAN *nods.*)

SERGEANT. On the Gospels?

(*The* OLD WOMAN *nods.*)

SERGEANT. You know what 'appens to them that willfully swears false oaths on the 'Oly Gospels?

OLD WOMAN (*almost inaudibly*). Yes.

SERGEANT. They goes to 'Ell. (*He twirls his moustache.*) Not only that. They sometimes get a 'ell of a time before they goes, too.

OLD WOMAN. They could n't do much hurt to an old woman, sir.

SERGEANT (*judicially*). Perhaps not. But after they've finished —!

(*The* OLD WOMAN *bows her head.*)

VILLON. Mother, you are not to do this.

(*The inner door opens and a young woman in a high headdress, painted and bedizened, comes in, defiantly. Her name is* KATHERINE.)

SERGEANT. What do you want, young woman?

(VILLON *looks up.*)

KATHERINE. Good evening, Sergeant. I've just come in. Make a note of that.

SERGEANT. Very well.

KATHERINE. I was n't 'ere earlier on, and I was n't 'ere last Tuesday when Fat Clotilde got done in. Make a note of that, too.

SERGEANT. Very well. (*Pause*) 'Ere. Do you know anything of the movements of the prisoner 'ere on the night of the twenty-third? Take your time.

VILLON. Katherine!

(*She looks at him scornfully.*)

KATHERINE. Yes. He was with me. (VILLON *sighs with relief.*) And went out to get wine. He never came back. I missed two silver spoons at the same time.

VILLON. Katherine!

SERGEANT. That does n't 'elp 'im much.

KATHERINE. Help 'im? *'Im?*

(*She surveys* VILLON *a moment, arms akimbo, bursts out laughing, waves her hand to the* SERGEANT, *and flaunts out, still laughing, to the door. She pauses there and comes back slowly.* VILLON'S *head is in his hands. The* OLD WOMAN *rises and faces* KATHERINE.)

OLD WOMAN. God and our Blessed Lady forgive you, young woman, for hurting my lad the way you have.

KATHERINE. Hurt him? (*She laughs.*) I never asked him to come 'anging round me like a sick dog, did I?

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VILLON. You were n't always like this, Kate.

SERGEANT. You should 'a' 'andled 'er better, my lad.

KATHERINE (*to* VILLON). When you're drunk you're a blasted nuisance. When you're not drunk you're writin' po'try. I don't say you're not a gamy lad when you're roused, but I can't stand a man that mopes round all day lookin' like one of the new bloody death's-'eads off the cemetery wall. If you want to know why I 'ad you shoved in the street the other night, that's straight. Besides, a girl's got to eat.

OLD WOMAN (*to* VILLON). My dearie! (*Strokes his hair.*)

VILLON. I've given you something, Kate, that's better than money.

KATHERINE (*with scorn*). Don't mention it.

VILLON (*with shining eyes*). I've given you Immortality. Your name will be in men's mouths for ever and ever. There is a Ballade I've written in my heart's blood. If you were n't a common, dirty little drab you'd kneel and kiss my hand and thank God for it.

(*She laughs discordantly.*)

SERGEANT (*judicially*). That's all very well, my lad, but it don't fill a girl's stomach. You should ha' given her a cold pig's-foot.

VILLON (*rising*). By God! It's I should be thanking you, too, for treating me like the dirt you have. I thank you for myself, because you wrung that ballade out of my pain; and I thank you for all the millions in the years to come who will read my verse and say, 'This is a poet!'

(*Pause*)

KATHERINE. And what about my two silver spoons, Mister Immortality?

SERGEANT. You better get along, my girl. We'll come to that all in good time.

(KATHERINE *gives* VILLON *a vicious glance, shrugs, and goes out humming a tune.*

A distant clash of bells, answered by a nearer chime.)

SERGEANT. Well, now, Ma. There's the bells. You'll be late for Mass if we don't 'urry up. What about it?

OLD WOMAN (*trembling*). I'll swear, sir, on the Holy Gospels, this is not the gentleman that robbed me.

VILLON. Mother, you shan't do it. You can't swear that!

SERGEANT. You got a soul, you know, Ma. It's terrible to go to 'Ell.

(*Pause*)

OLD WOMAN. I gave my body pain for 'im. My soul's my own.

VILLON (*resolutely*). I will not let you. I will swear you are lying.

SERGEANT. It'll be the question for *you* this time, sonny. It 'urts.

(VILLON *shudders.*)

OLD WOMAN. Our Blessed Lady will not let me go into the fire for the sake of love, dearie.

VILLON. Mother, go to church now and pray for me.

OLD WOMAN (*calmly*). No. I will not let them have you, dearie.

SERGEANT (*resigned*). Very well. Time's up. If you won't press this 'ere charge you'll 'ave to swear. One thing or the other. (*He lugs from his doublet a small book of the Gospels.*) Take this book in your right 'and. Say: 'I swear —'

(*He suddenly staggers back with a gag in his mouth as two men leap on him from behind and bear him back, swiftly binding him. He struggles, but is helpless. They knock his head on the ground, and he falls senseless.*)

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY. Quick! Get out.

VILLON (*irresolutely*). I —

TABARY. Get out of it, you blasted fool.

VILLON. When he wakes up —

TABARY (*hissing*). He won't. Get

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out quickly. We'll shove it on Gilles. He and Kate brought the cops here to-night. Get *out!*

OLD WOMAN (*shivering*). Dearie, they are not going to hurt the gentleman?

VILLON (*soothing her*). No, Mother.

MONTIGNY (*to* TABARY). The well?

(TABARY *nods. They carry the* SERGEANT *out. The bells begin clashing continuously.*)

OLD WOMAN. My dearie, I am going to Saint Sévérin. Will you come with me? Our Lady would like you to. She is so very good to me. I am only a poor old woman, and no scholar, but she hears me. My dearie, do you remember, when you were a little thing, I took you every Christmas to church at midnight? And the supper after? The lovely candles on the table, and the Christmas log a-burning, and the sugar plums and the goose? You were very little then. It was so long ago. I hardly see you now, my dearie. Of course you are a scholar and you have to study in great books. (*Pleadingly*) Won't you, just this once?

(VILLON *coughs and passes his hand before his eyes.*)

VILLON. There, there, Mother. I can't to-night. I have — I have a lot of work to do.

OLD WOMAN (*eagerly*). Good books, dearie? The ones in black letters with the pictures in gold and red? The sort the holy doctors read, and the bishops?

VILLON. Yes, Mother. Good books. (*Patting her gently*) Now go. It is nearly midnight. You will miss the Gospel. Pray for me.

(*The* OLD WOMAN *embraces him with trembling hands, and draws her cloak round her.*)

OLD WOMAN. My dearie, will you give your old mother, who has only a year or two to live, a little gift this Christmas night? (*She scans his face eagerly.*)

VILLON (*with a shrug*). Mother, I haven't a brass piece in the world. What *can* I give you?

OLD WOMAN (*with shining eyes*). You once promised me, my very dearie, years ago, when you went to the University and began to make fine poetry, that some day you would make a poem to our Blessed Lady. (*She pats his hand.*) Yes, I know your life is hard, dearie, among your books, studying, studying all day and night —

VILLON (*groaning*). Oh, God!

OLD WOMAN. Will you make Her that little poem now, dearie? You are so clever. Write it for a poor old woman who thanks Her and cannot read or write herself. Just a little poem, dearie, to the blessed, loving Mother of God. Our Lady will bless you for it, and your poor old mother will die so happy, so happy. Say you'll do it, dearie.

(VILLON *gazes at her with clenched teeth.*)

VILLON. Yes, Mother. I'll do it for you, all right. I'll do it to-night — instead — instead of my other work. (*Awkwardly*) Will you bless me?

(*He goes on one knee. The* OLD WOMAN *blesses him and wipes her eyes on her cloak.*)

VILLON (*rising*). Now you must be going, Mother. Let me take you to the corner where there's a lamp. Then I must go back to my room.

(*He puts his arm round her. They go slowly to the door.*)

OLD WOMAN (*pausing*). Are you well wrapped up, dearie? Did you take the cordial? (*She peers.*) Oh, the poor ragged gown! It is so freezing cold. And your poor weak chest! God be good to poor folk this bitter weather! Let me give you something to wrap —

VILLON. No, no, Mother. I'm all right. I shall be seeing Monsieur de Villon again in a day or two. He'll give me a cloak, I expect.

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OLD WOMAN (*clasping her hands*). Ah, the good priest! You are almost like a son to him, dearie.

VILLON (*gulping*). Yes, Mother. (*With an effort*) Almost like a son.

(*They go out. Pause. Then* VILLON *returns, blindly, and flings himself on a stool, burying his face in his hands. He rouses in a moment and takes from his doublet, one by one, a pen, an inkhorn, and a scrap of dirty paper.*)

VILLON (*with a groan*). Mary, Mother of God, forgive me.

(*He lapses into meditation, and begins to scribble slowly, pausing frequently and gazing at the roof.*)

Lady . . . Queen . . . No. 'Lady of Heaven, Regent of the World.' . . . Ruler . . . Ruler . . . Ah! 'Empress of th' Infernal Marsh.' That's the line!

(*He begins to grow absorbed in his poetry, and writes more freely in silence. A stealthy figure sidles round the door and advances on tiptoe. It is* COLIN DES CAYEULX.)

CAYEULX. *Ss-sst!*

VILLON (*starting*). What — oh, you! (*Pauses, pen in air.*)

CAYEULX (*angrily*). What are you doing, you damned fool? There's no time to waste! I'm going on now. I'll expect you in ten minutes. Sharp!

(*He tiptoes to the door.* VILLON, *pen in hand, gazes after him, his lips moving.*)

VILLON. 'Say to your Son that I am His alone' . . . Ah! (*To* CAYEULX) Ten minutes. All right. All right. I'll be there.

(*And so, scribbling fast, concludes the 'Ballade que Villon feist a la requeste de sa Mere, pour prier Nostre Dame.'*

The burglary is entirely successful.)

PHYSICS AND PSYCHICS[1]

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

IT must have struck those engaged in psychical research that every psychic phenomenon is accompanied by, or associated with, some physical phenomenon as an inevitable concomitant. Whether this is universally true or not, our experience is consistent with that idea. We know of no definite exceptions, and it seems a good working hypothesis on which to proceed.

But, at the outset, we must discriminate between the strictly *material* aspect of the universe, which appeals directly to our senses, and the more general *physical* aspect, which includes matter as one part of its domain, but extends far beyond anything apprehended by the senses. The temptation is to limit ourselves to the study of the various forms of matter; and many of the sciences exclude anything else from their contemplation.

The science of Chemistry, for instance, deals with matter and its properties, and practically limits itself to those considerations. All our instruments are made of matter, and anything beyond that must be a mental inference. Nevertheless, even in chemistry we have to deal subordinately with nonmaterial physical entities, such as electricity and light. An

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *October* 26, 27, 28, 29

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electric current is certainly physical, but it is not material. And yet it affects and can decompose the matter through which it passes, and can bring about results which could not be achieved otherwise. Again, light and radiation generally are not material; but the chemical action of light has to be studied, not only in photography, but in the chemical compounds that it can produce by aid of the leaves of vegetation, combining simple substances into complex organic molecules.

Biology, again, is a science which classifies and studies the structure and function of living organisms, whether they be animals or plants. And the mechanism is so complicated and ingenious that there is a tendency to limit our attention to the material side of organisms, and to doubt if there is anything else to be studied. It is true that some biologists have postulated a vital force, or vital energy, to account for the exceptional behavior of animated matter; but 'vital energy' has never been defined, nor can it be analyzed and displayed, apart from the material compounds in which it is embedded. Accordingly, the Vitalistic School is often thought to have not made any satisfactory progress: whereas the subjects of Anatomy and Physiology have advanced enormously and consolidated a multitude of facts.

But the science of Physics, though it, too, deals largely with the properties of matter, goes beyond them, and seeks to understand the nature of what have been called 'the imponderables'; that is to say, it seeks to investigate the nature of electricity, of magnetism, and of light. And though some physicists try to attend to these things without explicitly postulating an intermediate medium which extends to the remotest star and fills up all the interstices between atoms, yet a great deal of progress can be made without mentioning it, and mathematical consequences can be deduced and verified; even though the ether is completely ignored.

When, however, the science of physics is dealt with philosophically, and the inner mechanism of the observed actions is scrutinized, it is found impossible to dispense with a connecting medium. Matter is discontinuous and atomic: there must be something that fills the interstices, and even though we call it 'space' we must admit that it is space with physical properties, and that this so-called 'empty space' can transmit and is the seat of electric and magnetic attractions, radiation, cohesion, and gravitation. Without some uniting mechanism matter would be in a chaotic state: the atoms and worlds would be independent of each other, or only act on each other when they collided; everything would have to be accomplished by collision and impact.

Now let us consider the science of Psychology. By our own direct experience we apprehend the existence of mental activity, of intelligence, emotion, and will. We find these as attributes of living organisms. We find a mechanism in the brain which subserves and demonstrates them; and there are some who think that the brain — that is to say, the molecular processes which go on in the brain — accounts for them. But this idea has only arisen because we know no other way of accounting for them. That they are a function of matter few can believe: it has certainly never been demonstrated, and the hypothesis is unsatisfactory.

Only those who imagine that there is nothing in the universe but matter could formulate such an idea.

It may be said, and said truly, that these psychic entities are displayed and made manifest to us in connection with material organisms, and that, apart from brain or other material mecha-

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nism, they are outside our ken. Animation cannot be associated with molecules, whose identity is constantly changing; it must be associated with something permanent.

Now, just as the physicist has found it necessary to postulate a connecting medium which is not matter, and which is the seat and transmitter of radiation, so the psychologist cannot be satisfied with matter alone, though he may do well to seek for a physical instrument or vehicle for every psychic activity. The ether of the physicist is available and should be pressed into the service.

The ordinary primitive man only knows of communication between mind and mind by means of material methods of communication, such as the vibrations of air or marks upon paper. But nowadays even ordinary men are aware of other methods, of which telegraphy, especially wireless telegraphy, has aroused considerable interest; and this is an ethereal method of communication and not a material one. But whatever physical method of communication is used, it is the organs of sense that are ultimately appealed to; it is the ear or the eye which has to receive the messages, for the mind to interpret and understand.

But those who study the nascent science of Metaphysics have gone further. They know by actual experience and experiment that there is a telepathic method of communication between mind and mind, which does not utilize the organs of sense, and is conducted in what is at present a quite unknown way. The laws of telepathy have not been worked out. That is why it does not yet take its place in orthodox science.

And yet the phenomena known by various names, such as Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Cryptesthesia, and the like, represent ascertained facts, and must therefore be capable some day of explanation. Some think that it is a direct action between mind and mind, without any physical concomitant, without even any perturbation of the ether.

But if it be true that every psychic phenomenon must be accompanied by a physical process of some kind, then the safest plan is to assume that some physical vehicle is concerned even in telepathy and clairvoyance, until it is possible by further experience definitely to disprove it. At present the phenomenon is obscure, and much more experience must be gained.

Experiment is difficult, for the phenomenon seems capricious. It cannot be produced whenever wished; and if it varies we are uncertain about the cause of the variation. If we found any physical means of intercepting it, or if we could measure the intensity at different distances, still more if we could measure any speed of transmission, we should begin to realize that it too had a physical basis and was amenable to law and order.

Experiments of this kind are extremely difficult, and may long be impossible; but we can remember that only a century ago it was unknown that radiation had any definite speed; the transmission of light seemed to be instantaneous. The measurement of its velocity was a most important step, and is the one sheet-anchor of those who are sure that the ether is a definite substance with physical properties which can be ascertained.

To explain mind and mental activity in terms of matter has been found impossible. Whether it will be equally impossible to explain them in terms of ether remains to be seen; the attempt has not yet been seriously made.

The properties of ether, however, so far as we know them, are so perfect and so fundamental, its omnipresence is so striking, and its modifications, as they

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appeal to us in the form of matter, are so instructive and complete, that we cannot refrain from speculating as to whether the ether is not the seat of mental activity also, whether it is not the abundant vehicle of life and mind, and whether the relation of these things with matter is but a secondary and temporary phenomenon.

If it is true that every mental activity has a physical concomitant, then it is to the ether that we must look. For I want to urge that matter never directly acts on matter; it is by something akin to radiation that the atoms act on each other, it is entirely due to radiation that the earth receives energy from the sun, making terrestrial life possible, and it is entirely due to radiation that we are aware of all the worlds in space.

Moreover, if matter is always acted upon through the ether, the atoms never coming really into contact, then it follows that it is through the ether that *we* act upon matter. I urge that we are not directly, but only indirectly, associated with matter, that the ether is our real habitat, and that our action upon matter is indirect, just as its action is on us. When we 'see' an object we know that it is through the ether we see it, and that we only apprehend it by radiation. Less obviously, that is always so.

Matter is well known to have two kinds of energy — kinetic and potential. Kinetic energy properly belongs to matter, but potential energy does not. A wound-up spring has energy, but the energy is not in the particles; their configuration has been altered, but it is the intervening spaces that are strained. Similarly, a raised weight is said to have energy, but the energy is really in the gravitational medium which forces the weight down. All potential energy belongs to the ether. Does mental energy belong there too? Has the ether a psychic function as well as so many physical functions?

We have no knowledge, we are in the region of speculation; but to me facts point in that direction. And when life enters matter or disappears from it, I am disposed to think that it arrived from the ether and goes back to it, and that the ether is the universal physical vehicle of life and mind. I have elsewhere indicated the probability that we have animated etheric bodies as well as material bodies, and that when the material body wears out the etheric body may continue.

Those who study metaphysics are aware of facts which have suggested the existence of an etheric body — that is, of some physical instrument which can transgress the limitations of space and perform feats impossible to a mere material organism. Traveling clairvoyance is one of them, apparition is another. In an apparition, or materialization (if it is possible to contemplate them as facts, and perhaps the evidence is not conclusive on that point as yet, though it is rapidly growing), I should say that an etheric body has for a time assimilated, or utilized, some portion of organized material for its display and manifestation to our material senses. Without the material garment, or machinery, it could not be apparent.

But the organizing power, the constructive ability, the moulding influence, belongs not to matter but to that which controls matter. It belongs, I suggest, to the etheric organism, which takes and utilizes matter for terrestrial purposes. That is what we ourselves have done in the ordinary course of our lives; we take food and incorporate it into our own organism, and thereby display ourselves for a period rather less than a century.

Is it possible that other intelligences may do the same things in a still more

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temporary and less usual manner, and thereby exert force, move objects, and construct limbs; so that those other materializations which solemnly sit to examine these things are puzzled and interested?

The reality of ectoplasm may be doubted; but, assuming that it exists, it seems a filmy, unsubstantial substance, unlikely to exert force or to behave intelligently unless controlled and worked, and, so to speak, 'adopted,' by something much more substantial, which is the real seat of the power and the intelligence.

The ether is abundantly substantial, and can transmit every known kind of force. As the vehicle of mind, it could do all that is wanted, except make itself apparent to our animal senses. For that purpose matter is necessary, and that appears to be taken from the medium or from those present, utilized for a time, and then restored.

In investigating the facts we need a working hypothesis. If the facts are imaginary, and if those who have testified to them are deluded, then further investigation will prove that it is so, and the hypothesis suggested in this paper will be both futile and absurd. But if on further investigation those facts are on the whole confirmed, then the working hypothesis that the ether is the real vehicle of our activities, and that it is through the ether that intelligence acts, whether in a normal or a supernormal way, will be justified as a speculation, and the hypothesis here dimly foreshadowed may serve its purpose until displaced by a better.

A working hypothesis ought to suggest some practical experiment for putting it to the test. It is not always easy to think of such experiments, but many people already think that they receive communications from another order of beings, or from human beings who have departed this life, or more generally from intelligences on what may be called 'the other side.' These communications mainly come through the manipulation of matter, as by raps and tilts and movements of furniture — at least if they come in a physical manner at all and are not mere mental impressions.

Now, if our hypothesis is correct, the manipulation of matter by incorporeal intelligences — that is, by mind not provided with a material mechanism — must be difficult and unsatisfactory. It can, indeed, only be accomplished by human coöperation, however unconscious that coöperation may be. In other words, it can only be accomplished when a medium is present; and presumably the tilts — say, of a table — must for the most part be produced by some agency derived from those present. Even when contact is allowed, there are cases when direct muscular action is at least unlikely; and there are many authentic cases of movements of matter produced when no ordinary muscular contact is allowed.

We are not bound, however, to use 'matter' for the reception of messages; we might use something more intimately connected with the ether; we might, in fact, use electricity or magnetism or radiation. It seems possible that in the production of raps cohesion is already utilized, being either increased or diminished at will; and in the production of levitations it would appear that gravitation is utilized. This is an immediate consequence of our statement that any material action must be effected through the ether.

Our eyes enable us to deal with the ether without involving any action on matter — at least, any action of a mechanical kind. It is probable that vision is accomplished by the ejection of electrons from the atoms, either in the black pigment or in some other

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part of the retina, by the impact of light waves — a phenomenon which is becoming familiar as 'photoelectricity.'

The energy with which such electrons are ejected is now known to depend entirely and simply on the frequency or wave-length of the radiation. When an electron jumps at one place, a pulse of X-rays is emitted, and a similar electron makes a corresponding jump at some distant place when the pulse arrives. That is the phenomenon in skeleton form, and that is how we are beginning to regard vision. The action of matter is reduced to a minimum; the energy exists for a time in the ether.

If metapsychic action can occur at all, it might be easier for it to interfere with radiation than with anything else; and, by interference with radiation, visible signals might be produced and thus messages conveyed.

Now a beam of light, or radiation generally, can be interfered with in various ways. Its path can be deflected, its intensity can be varied, its wave-length can be changed, its plane of polarization can be altered.

Imagine a beam of plane-polarized light just cut off by an analyzer. Any change in the direction of vibration would be perceived by an eye looking through the analyzer. In that way Faraday discovered the magnetic rotation of light.

If light falls on a fluorescent substance, the light emitted by that substance has a different frequency or wave-length from that received: as was shown long ago by Sir George Stokes. The deflection of the path of a beam by a mirror or prism is a commonplace of Optics; and recently, as we know, it was predicted by Einstein, and afterward verified, that a gravitational body of sufficiently large mass could produce a perceptible deviation.

But perhaps the easiest thing to alter in a beam of light is its intensity. Fog will obstruct it, a shutter will cut it off.

These undoubtedly are forms of matter, and may not be so simple to manipulate as something more directly etheric, like magnetism or electricity or gravitation. At the same time, the operation of matter in obstructing light is very simple and familiar, and it has been suggested to me recently that in that way the intelligences who wish to communicate with us may find a simple method; assuming, as for the sake of the argument we may, that such intelligences exist.

But the testimony of many of those engaged in metapsychic investigation is that the intelligences prefer to work in the dark, or are less interfered with by red light than by any other. Consequently the suggestion is that red light shall be given them to deal with, and that they shall be asked to produce some change in a beam of red radiation which shall appeal to our eye. A human medium may have to be present in order to enable them to do this; but it would seem easy to keep the essential part of the apparatus out of reach, and so eliminate any normal method of interrupting the light which could be stigmatized either as conscious or unconscious fraud.

I understand that such experiments are already going on, and I hope they will be continued; and, moreover, that the hint thus given can be developed and lead to other etheric experiments which shall gradually lead to a sort of automatic method of communication and almost eliminate human agents.

At present the only experiments of that kind which have had much vogue are experiments in photography. A photographic plate is said to be influenced by operators on the other side, who are thereby enabled to display

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their forms, at least when a medium is present to provide sufficient ectoplasmic material for their manipulation.

But photography suffers from some disadvantages, inasmuch as the result cannot be seen at once. The record has to be manipulated and developed and fixed in the dark; so that opportunity for fraudulent manipulation is almost inevitable. In fact, wherever human agency intervenes skepticism has a loophole, which it does not scruple to make use of. Hence, in spite of a large amount of photographic evidence, rational skepticism has not been overcome.

If some method of more direct and immediate perception could be devised, the evidence obtained would at least be varied. Hitherto the resources of a laboratory have hardly been drawn upon in metapsychic investigation. I would call special attention to the desirability of utilizing etheric phenomena of a simple and familiar kind, especially any kind of radio transmission, in order to test the supernormal powers which we study in metapsychics.

MIDWAY ISLAND: CABLE STATION AND BIRD PARADISE [1]

BY WALTER ROBB

THE gallant world flyers, Brock and Schlee, compelled by universal opinion and wifely appeals to abandon their aerial circumnavigation of the globe at Japan, could hardly have found the Midway Islands, their projected refueling station in the mid-Pacific, even had they gone on to try it. For, according to the Navy Department, neither was a navigator; and many a good navigator safely ensconced on a steamship has miscalculated about Midway and sailed past it. Midway is but a dot on the mid-Pacific map. Yet I am inclined to believe that had the supplies of gasoline and oil requisitioned by Brock and Schlee been sent to Midway they would have essayed the flight from Japan. What if they had made it! What if they had safely landed! The blood does not yet run so sluggish through one's sclerotic veins but that it warms to the very thought of this foolhardy heroism. Oh, they could not have found Midway, of course . . . and yet . . .

> How can man die better than facing fearful odds
> For the memory of his fathers and the temples of his gods?

The memory of our fathers is the memory of pioneers who did many impossible things, and the temples of our gods are the towns and cities and practical applications of scientific inventions and discoveries built and erected upon first achievements that simply could not come to pass — but did come to pass in spite of all doleful and foreboding readings of the auspices and prophecies of the oracles. However, this is a story about Midway, not about gallant pioneers in Pacific avia-

[1] From the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* (Manila trade monthly), *October*

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tion. Midway itself is a fine piece of pioneering.

Midway is a pair of coral islands lying at 28.14 north latitude and 14 minutes off the 180th meridian. It is a property of the United States staked out in 1898 and placed under the administration of the Navy Department. It is a relay station of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, the American line across the Pacific. In 1898, when America came into the extreme East with the objective of acquiring the Philippines as a base from which to make her open door policy in China effective, preying upon China — and, to a much less degree, upon Japan as well — had been merrily going on among the Powers for upward of a generation. America had to have communications, but no cables could be laid westward out of Japan — that is, to China — save by the Belgian syndicate that held this particular concession. America had Hawaii, Guam, Midway, the Philippines, and as much liberty in China, once she got there, as the next fellow. Early in the summer of 1903 the direct cable was laid from San Francisco to Shanghai, and the first official messages were interchanged between the extreme stations on July 4 of that same year.

Subsequently America has been communicating across the Pacific without saying to anyone, 'By your leave.' That is the economic side of Midway in a nutshell. At an outlay of two and one-half million dollars, the cable is to be supplemented with radio, making the third American radio service across the Pacific. While the original building of the cable station on Midway was in progress, a good many Orientals were employed as workmen and craftsmen, and a marine guard was kept there. Also, when the landing was made by the Americans in 1903, some thirty Japanese fishermen were found to have taken up headquarters there, and diplomatic intercession brought about their withdrawal, somewhat against their will, but with the utmost good will upon the part of Japan. After a few years the marine guard was removed, and for many years now the colony on Midway has consisted of some nine or ten Americans, the station force of the cable company, seven or eight Japanese employed on outside work, and five or six Chinese household servants — twenty-three to twenty-five souls all told.

Four times a year the company's steamship Dickenson voyages from Honolulu to Midway, a distance of about twelve hundred miles, with supplies. Otherwise the calls of ships are very rare. The Dickenson, of light draught, can go inside the reef except when a westerly wind is blowing. Like all atolls, the one at Midway is open at the northwest and the southeast, and the tides pour through from the north. The cable station is at the northern end of Sand Island, which is one and one-quarter miles long and three quarters of a mile wide. The other island of the Midway atoll is Eastern Island, sometimes called Green Island on account of the foliage, of which Stevenson gives a masterly description in *The Wreckers*. At the time of the American occupation the dwarf magnolia and various hardy beach grasses had found lodgment on Eastern Island and were flourishing, birds having probably taken the first seeds of vegetation there in their annual migrations. Sand Island was bare. Westward of Midway about sixty miles lies Ocean Island, and eastward toward Honolulu lie reefs and coral barriers, some of them dignified with names. Had Brock and Schlee reached Midway and taken off safely, over a route of eleven hundred miles to Honolulu, as the gull flies, their way would have been marked out ahead by

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the green waters and the breakers along this coral chain. But the islands are uninhabited by men; forced landings would be unlucky.

Sand Island is no longer bare. On the contrary, it is well carpeted over and very generously wooded. This and the birds are the most interesting things about Midway.

In order to bed down the sand and prevent its blowing up into dunes, marram grass was introduced in 1906, from San Francisco, where it had been utilized in the reclamation work at Golden Gate Park. This Australian desert grass thrives in sand; you plant it deep and cut it off at the surface, and soon it stools so that you can take new cuttings and plant more. Aside from its deeper roots, it throws out a network of roots that intertwine just beneath the surface of the sand and tend to protect it from the wind and convert it into soil. Ten rows of this grass were planted athwart the island like a belt, where the dunes had blown up, and then it was possible to plant as much more as was wanted.

It was now also possible to plant trees, shrubs, and flowers. David Haughs, territorial forester of Hawaii, regularly sent seeds and cuttings; Australia again contributed, this time the ironwood tree, and there are now ironwood trees on Sand Island forty and fifty feet high. Indeed, it is said that the foliage on the island has grown so dense in places that lanes have to be cut through it, and between the plants and the birds the place is truly a paradise. The station is of course provided with every material comfort, substantial cottages, electric light and power, an ice plant, an excellent library, a reservoir for a fifty-thousand-gallon reserve of rain water, and a garden of an acre of ground for which thousands of tons of soil were gradually brought in from Hawaii.

With this soil came a host of pests, garden worms and caterpillars galore. Here was a new problem for the amateur agriculturists, and they solved it effectually by their usual resort to science and the aid of scientific friends. This whole story of the transformation of Midway shows, indeed, that, where the drudging but ignorant peasant would be wholly at a loss to convert bare and shifting sands into productive and carpeted land, even the amateur, of education and intelligence, need not despair. A ship anchored off Midway in 1909, and a pair of yellow canaries were bought from her Chinese steward at one dollar for each bird. They were taken to the station and carefully fed and cared for, at last being turned out to return to their original wild state. Water and feed troughs were placed on the verandah of the superintendent's house, and his wife — for women are not prohibited from living with their husbands on Midway — was the keeper of the birds as well as of the flowers. The canaries multiplied themselves, and now there are thousands of wild canaries on Sand Island, but no longer a pest of worms.

Walk out, and these songsters circle all about one, unafraid because they know nothing but kindness from the hand of man. None are ever captured, none ever killed or molested in any way. The canaries saved the garden, though the Chinese gardener complains that they take toll of his berries and fruits for their labor.

In the same year the Laysan finch was introduced on Sand Island, and for the same purpose — getting rid of the worms and caterpillars. This finch had been found on Laysan Island, eastward of Midway, and taken to Eastern Island in 1905. It had made its way on Eastern Island, and now it made its way on Sand Island.

The imported soil also brought the

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blight to the ironwood trees; they soon appeared in malignant silver coatings boding ill for the embryo forest. Edward Ehrhorn, entomologist of Honolulu, was consulted. He sent a bug called the ladybird — perhaps she who flies away home in the nursery rime. It multiplied exceedingly, and ate up the blight. Nowadays whenever the blight reappears the ladybird returns to its job; at other times the useful bug keeps in hiding somewhere and abides its time. No blight, no ladybird bugs.

A wingless bird on Eastern Island, probably a survivor from the Wandering Minstrel, wrecked at Midway in 1887, shares honors with the Laysan finch as a pest killer.

Two herds of wild donkeys are a part of the faunal life of Midway. A pair were taken to Eastern Island and turned loose twenty-two years ago to subsist on the beach grasses. They did, and now there are two small herds on the island. Some were haltered, when work was to be done on Sand Island such as the leveling of the dunes, and when the work was done they were taken back to Eastern Island and turned loose again. They stamp holes in the sand to get down to water. The grasses introduced affording sufficient pasturage, a small herd of Jerseys is kept at the cable station to provide fresh milk, cream, and butter.

Life passes pleasantly at Midway, not only because of the work to be done with the steady volume of cables pouring through the station day and night, but because of the garden, the birds, and the plants. Midway is one of the most remarkable rookeries of wild birds in the world. Regularly every year the birds repair to Midway and make their nests — the wandering albatross, the boatswain, the frigate bird or man-o'-war hawk, the sheerwater or petrel, the booby, curlews, plovers, and terns. Tiniest of all is the white love bird, and very curious about depositing its egg, which by some queer magic it manages to place upon a leaf of some small tree or shrub so it will remain there until it hatches; and then the parents merely stand by until the fledgling appears and is able to fly.

Other birds resort to the sandy beaches high above the tide to deposit their eggs. Such is the habit of the albatrosses. When you visit them, they receive you with great ceremony, bowing and making it a state affair. They conduct you to the nest, proudly show its contents, then settle down to business — when you are expected to leave. Calls are expected to be formal ones. Daddy Albatross takes his turn on the nest. Midway offers a first-rate opportunity for the scientific study of bird life. All the varieties are so tame — rather, free from any fear of man — that it is easy to observe them under wholly natural conditions.

Observe the man-o'-war hawk getting his breakfast.

This old sea pirate has an enormous spread of wing and can fly countless miles and poise motionless, or seemingly so, over one spot minutes at a time. When man knows as much about flying as the man-o'-war, the Pacific will be no problem to him. The man-o'-war makes the booby bring him his breakfast. The booby, an excellent fisher, dives into the teeming waters of the atoll and comes up with a handsome fish, with which he rises high into the air in the hope of getting to a secure spot to devour it. In the offing the men-o'-war are circling, one quite near the water, and when the booby has risen high enough with the fish the others give chase, make him drop the fish, and depend on their confederate to catch it before it reaches the water. The booby does drop it, and they all feast. The poor booby has no alternative but to return to the atoll waters

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and try his luck again. Fortunately the fish are as plentiful as the birds; a yarn-spinner declares that the art of fishing at Midway has been reduced to an effort to make a cast without hooking a fish, considered a real feat; while to supply the kitchen the Chinese cook simply makes a single dip of his net and selects only the primest of an abundant haul.

Naturally there are sharks in the atoll waters, but they feed well enough on the fishes and never molest the swimming beach, which shelves gradually away from the land in gleaming white sand. Spearing porpoises from canoes is good sport. They float about as if asleep, but jerk the canoe furiously along after the harpoon hits them. It may be an hour or more before they give up the struggle. Ashore there is tennis, and also golf. In the latter game, owing to the sandy nature of the course and the unsatisfactory bunkers and greens, one gets within an approximate distance and then concedes himself that particular hole. But it is all reduced to rules, and genuine contests are possible.

As there are no contagious or infectious diseases on Midway, life there is healthful; the residents never even suffer from colds. Yet, in the course of twenty-five years, a few graves have been dug: there was the doctor who succumbed to an attack of angina pectoris, and the young operator who dived off the wharf and broke his neck. These and one or two more are the mortality statistics.

Midway, of course, with the cable constantly babbling, keeps in hourly touch with the world of to-day, while the past is all there, too, bound in the many and well-chosen volumes of the station library.

SHANGHAI, QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC[1]

BY GEORGES B. MAYBON

FRANCE is a black speck on the horizon. At each turn of the screw it sinks deeper into the sea, into which the blue sky of the Provence gradually merges.

First stop, Port Said. We pass the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the entrance to the Canal, the desert, Ismailia, Suez. At last we have gone through the fiery furnace. But the Red Sea and its sinister reputation still menace us, though at nightfall the wind seems almost fresh. And now day after day of sea.

Our steamer is emptying itself like a gradually squeezed sponge; some passengers leave at every stop, and cases of guns, fish, and knickknacks are unloaded. Our water line rises.

At Colombo, Penang, and Singapore we see mysterious forests and long-haired natives beautiful as gods. At Saigon the dock is white with people. The women paint here as they do in France, but the men still preserve their yellow hue. Some are fat; others thin — fit prospects for a sanatorium they seem.

Our prodigious journey takes us to

[1] From *La Nouvelle Revue* (Paris Republican literary and political semimonthly), *October* 15

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the British city of Hongkong, and last of all to Shanghai, whose two million inhabitants incessantly fight and struggle for the almighty dollar. With the possible exception of New York, no other city in the world seems to have expended so much effort to attain this one end, to have so focused its wishes on this unique activity. Rare indeed is the man who has not been caught up in the fantastic dance; and woe to the traveler whose ear is charmed by the joyous tinkling of metal coins — he will never again find the golden door through which he entered, for it only opens from the outside.

The fortieth day of our voyage. After all this time you seem to keep meeting the same faces everywhere. For forty days we have been moving around in our cage like squirrels — watching the sun sink into the sea, looking for a green stretch of land, and tormented while we sleep by the noise of the engines deep down in the ship. But to-day our goal is reached — Shanghai at last!

The boat glides between the steep banks of the Hwang-pu. The crews whose junks our waves sweep up against the shore insult our disdainful vessel. Already we perceive factory chimneys, and at each turn of the river more appear. The smoke rises straight in the calm air.

Our passageways resound with shouts and curses. The nervousness that always breaks out near the end of a journey has reached its height. It is seven now, and we expect to arrive at noon. Valises are closed with kicks and whacks. Trunks refuse to contain what there was room for a month ago. Children weep, and the noise of spanking rends the air. Anamite boys, under the pretext of helping, pretend not to enjoy what is going on, but with their precious aid the baggage is finally buckled, and the happy proprietor gives a double tip. On the deck the farsighted travelers stand alone, surveying the even banks of the river, which are lined with storehouses, docks, elevators, — impressive structures of red brick, bearing the names of their proprietors in gigantic black characters, — cotton and silk factories, factories of every kind. Tugboats, steam whistles, and the Chinese themselves, all join to create a terrific din.

At last the landing ropes are thrown to our dock, and the long steel cables that fasten the steamer to the pier stretch and grind. The crowd prudently retreats. Our propeller has stopped kicking up the muddy water. One last melancholy whistle sounds, the gangplank is thrown out, and our decks are mobbed.

It is eight o'clock, and this strange quarter where the steamers gently allow themselves to be docked resounds with the thousand cries of an awakening city, of a city preparing for work.

The streets here are narrow, the houses low, and the Chinese even dirtier than usual. The violent streams of a municipal watering cart transform the dust into mud. American sailors, already or still drunk, accost Chinese working girls. Then as we proceed through the town the houses gradually become larger and neater, and the streets grow wider. We cross an iron bridge and arrive in the Bund — the Bund, with its proud curve; the Bund, which no one in the Far East does not know; the Bund, that marvelous avenue against which the waters of the Hwang-pu vainly beat on stormy days; the Bund, where all the wealth of the city seems to have spread itself!

Immense provinces have been drained of their gold to equip these audacious banks, these palaces of cement and granite. On the river lie

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gray cruisers with shiny cannons — French, Japanese, American, and English.

The French dock follows the Bund as a poor relation follows his millionaire cousin. The leprous façade of our Consulate guards the entrance to our concession. Old sea-dogs with bérets on the sides of their heads walk past the stores, calm and blasé, taking in the sights. Straight and superb the Avenue Joffre runs through the middle of our concession. It is a rich-looking street, and apparently an endless one.

Shanghai is divided into three great sections. Moving from north to south, they include the international concession, the French concession, and the Chinese town — or the City, as it is more properly called. Our quarter is bounded on the north by the Avenue Edward VII, which remains French on the side with the even numbers and international on the side where the houses have odd numbers. On the south it is bordered by the Boulevard of the Two Republics, half French and half Chinese.

Thanks to the tenacity of M. Benoit Edan, a former French chancellor and consul, we have been able to preserve our concession, and thus to develop a unique centre of influence. What a troublesome period we went through! The English consul devised a subtle and typically English idea of gathering all the concessions granted by the treaties under one head — obviously England, since her nationals were in a majority. Edan at once foresaw the future that awaited this bit of ground where our flag was flying, and he was the only consul who did not agree to the plan. None the less, our concession underwent a very critical phase at that time, and long, hard work had to be done before it could really be made valuable. Every interest apparently urged us to join England. We could have counted on her aid, — by no means a negligible item, — instead of having to put up with the neutral but expectant attitude of her naval authorities.

At that time there was not a single European house in our concession. Sixty-two years have passed, and changes have occurred in every one of them. New avenues have been built and new houses raised. Marshes are being filled in, and more business houses are opening all the time. New inventions of every kind are being applied here.

There is nothing in the world like Shanghai. No other city can be compared with it. Here every language is spoken, and here you see every architectural style, from the traditional red-brick house cherished by the Anglo-Saxons to the Swiss chalet, from the luxurious residences of Pasadena to the modest villas of a Parisian suburb.

In the dirty Chinese town the very dogs are more sanitary than the human beings. It looks like a mediæval European city, where a street four yards wide is a boulevard. The tops of the houses seem to lean toward each other, and the narrow little shops are badly lighted. They contain the most varied objects — a folding screen, a Ming Dynasty vase, a bit of rare porcelain, a piece of precious jade marvelously veined. And all dirty! The shouts of itinerant peddlers of cakes and fruits and of merchants of every conceivable commodity resound through all the thoroughfares. A barber summons his clients in strident tones. Little bells ring. Coolies bend under their burdens and yell at the passers-by to make them get out of the way. Omnibuses pulled by a single man and carrying six or eight women rumble over the narrow, worn flagstones that you find in the middle of every

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street in China. Stark-naked little ragamuffins wearing red skullcaps play together and insult each other horribly, calling all their ancestors to witness. Coolies carry pigs slung to a bamboo stick by their legs, and the animals mingle their discordant cries with the 'Hi-ho! Hi-ho!' of the porters. Every Chinese worker has to shout 'Hi-ho!' whenever he makes any effort.

All these confused sounds rise from the street in a mighty tumult, and if the confusion ever ceased China would be China no more. The Chinese does not like silence; and even seems afraid of it. He makes a noise to attract the good spirits, and he makes a noise to chase away the evil ones. He makes a noise while he travels; he makes a noise at home. He makes a noise when an important person arrives; he makes a noise when such a personage takes his leave. He makes a noise at a wedding; and he makes a noise at a funeral. Frequently you see a hearse preceded by a band of Chinese musicians dressed up like monkeys at a fair, wearing long feathers in their caps and huge shoes on their feet, and wildly playing a series of rhythmless tunes that remind you vaguely of *Viens Poupoule* or 'Valentine.' It makes no difference whether the noise is melodious, sad, or gay, provided it can be heard from a great distance.

In cold weather the Chinese muffle themselves up in heavy woolen garments of goatskins, and when they slough these off in the springtime the streets wear a holiday air, marred only by the ragged appearance of the more destitute beggars. In a country where societies of all kinds abound, brotherhoods of beggars and thieves seem the most natural thing in the world, and their ramifications extend throughout entire provinces. An elected beggar chief designates the quarters where his subordinates shall ply their trade. The thieves are discreet and go into hiding at least during the day, but the beggars shamelessly block the middle of the road, obstructing traffic and uttering lamentations that sound like litanies. The bravest of them inflict horrible wounds upon themselves and sedulously keep their sores in a festering condition. The pity that they inspire is mingled with disgust.

Coming out of a dark, noisy street, you arrive in front of the city tea house, where our troops have been garrisoned for many years. In the open courtyard of this structure lies a black pool on which white lotus blossoms float. The corners of the roof turn up, and are ornamented with clocks, some of them going, others stopped, and in the sunshine the scene looks almost respectable. You cross the pool over a curious zigzag bridge on which you must walk prudently.

Farther along stands a pagoda, and your throat is choked by the smell of incense and decay. Believers are few. Before a many-legged and many-armed divinity crouches the single figure of a woman, bent in prayer. A gray and dirty Buddhist priest indiscreetly picks up the offerings left at the feet of these hideous idols, who contemplate this sacrilege with impotent, eternal immobility.

A multitude of bamboo cages are piled as high as a man along the side of a certain street. This is the bird market. These cages contain birds of all sizes and colors, some of them extraordinary, others common. Some of them are foreign birds; others are deformed, with heads bigger than their bodies, and tiny feet. Others — the simple sparrows — watch their free brothers flying about them.

Tremendous animation prevails, for this whole quarter of the city lives entirely on its birds. There are bird doctors, chickweed merchants, cage

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makers, and painters who decorate cages in rare tints. The birds also have professors of singing. Some of these men take great pride in their reputation, and pupils are brought to them from the most distant parts of the city. Lessons are not generally given down here, for there is not enough space. From seven to ten every morning singing courses and rehearsals are held on the race course of the international concession.

Suddenly the noise of firecrackers breaks forth, and continues without interruption. What a multitude of them there must be! It is the Chinese New Year. For fifteen days one must make up one's mind not to sleep, because the Chinese population must amuse itself. It is the natives' turn now, and annually on New Year's Day they take advantage of this opportunity to celebrate a regular Fourteenth of July. Their intolerable performance is accompanied by the incessant beating of sonorous tom-toms.

All the stores are closed now, except for a few poor shops whose poverty-stricken proprietors are forced to break the usual rule. But itinerant merchants, more numerous than ever, infest the streets. Their goods are as varied as their cries. Some of them manipulate bamboo roulette wheels of a simple and rudimentary Chinese model, where the lucky winner may obtain a superb teapot for a prize. Others sell cakes cooked out-of-doors. The firecrackers never stop. Obviously their manufacturers must make a tremendous fortune in this blessed land.

The town is full of open four-passenger automobiles loaded with Chinese men and women, who exhibit rare skill in not falling out. The drivers quite ignore the places where they are supposed to drive. Multiply by three the number of people that an automobile is supposed to hold, and you will have the exact number of its occupants. Some of the machines, however, refuse to put up with such pleasantries, and these recalcitrant cars revenge themselves by losing a wheel, which rolls away and knocks down a large, tranquil gentleman walking along the sidewalk — to the great delight of the population.

Life runs highest at night. The few inhabitants who sleep at all sleep during the morning, and by evening the whole town is awake — children and old men as well. Boys who are obliged to work for European establishments for once gaze enviously at their more privileged compatriots. The visitors to the tea houses are more numerous than ever, and shout even more than usual. The women chatter incessantly. Shanghai versions of Luna Park, with pompous names like *Le Nouveau Monde* or *Le Grand Monde*, overflow into the streets. Often the lines waiting to get into these places extend for hundreds of yards. But while you are waiting in line you must amuse yourself by setting off firecrackers under your neighbor's legs, while the crowd roars with laughter. In the public parks you see happy Chinese youths promenading and apostrophizing from a distance the female passers-by. And all in this crowd are full of unalloyed gayety. Their laughter rings clear, and their red, blue, and green costumes seem to laugh too. The more violent the color, the better they like it.

The more elegant women look both charming and ridiculous with their large, flat hats of gray or yellow on the tops of their heads, but their short pantaloons, their narrow waists, and their neat stockings are stylish. The cult of dressing like a boy has won many adept disciples, who are conscious of their rights and less embarrassed with their duties than is the case in the other big Chinese centres.

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People are amusing themselves and cutting up everywhere. Gambling is the dominating national passion of China, and every Chinese indulges in it, whatever his age, social position, or fortune. He bets on everything — the number of seeds in an orange, the number of people who will pass by a given point in a given time. In five minutes the coolie will lose all the money he has saved in a month. The petty employee will do the same with his salary, and the banker with his fortune. The Chinese gambles at all times and places — during his meals, at the theatre, between the acts, in trains, and in offices.

Under the Empire the favorite form of gambling took a singular shape. It was as if everyone in France bet on the most successful candidates entering our big schools of learning. All China would participate in these enormous wagers. In all prefectures and subprefectures the names of the competing candidates were announced, and as soon as the results were known extra-rapid couriers carried the names of the winners to all parts of the Empire. Nowadays the people limit themselves to betting on who will be chosen ministerial functionaries, and the game does not enjoy the vogue it once did.

At present Shanghai is not so proud as it once was of its immense commerce, its prodigious development, and its unheard-of wealth. It has undergone a cruel experience, having been turned into an armed camp where soldiers from all parts of the world stand guard side by side — French, English, Italian, Portuguese, American, Indian, Japanese, and Anamite. Armored automobiles thunder down the streets night and day. Sandbags are piled at the crossings. Barbed-wire entanglements protect the avenues leading to the foreign quarters. Trenches have been dug. Bugles sound, and the peaceful inhabitants have assumed a martial air. Every day the transports unload hundreds of men, long-range cannons, tents, and campaign hospitals.

Nevertheless, optimism reigns, and the inhabitants are looking forward, some of them patiently, others impatiently, but none with anxiety, to the return of the good old days of wealth and liquor. Many changes will take place, but Shanghai will unquestionably resume its briefly interrupted rôle, and, not satisfied with being Queen of the Pacific, will become the foremost port in all the world.

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FILMING AN EAGLE[1]

A THOUSAND HOURS FOR FIVE MINUTES

BY BENGT BERG

[THE author is a Swedish explorer and animal lover whose bird films are famous throughout the world.]

ONE cold spring a pair of owls took up their residence on a rocky uninhabited island rarely visited by men in the archipelago between Sweden and Finland. I built myself a blind in the bottom of a cleft in a steep precipice close to their breeding place, in order to film the great shy night spectres in their domestic privacy. I soon discovered, to my surprise, that these nocturnal rovers had a daily feud with a pair of still more powerful birds of prey — two sea eagles. Whenever one of the owls left its hiding place in the cluster of trees at the foot of the precipice immediately beneath me — for these birds are not as light-shy as is commonly believed — and the nearest crows or gulls flew away shrieking their resentment, one or both of the sea eagles swooped down and drove the presumptuous, panic-stricken owl back to its hiding place. There would be a hissing sweep of great wings and a harsh eagle-scream, and then all would be silence.

I made a bet with these eagles that I would film them in their nests within a year. I lost that bet. The god of the eagles knows, however, that I spared neither time nor effort to win it.

This pair of birds nested for three consecutive seasons in the top of solitary giant pine trees perched at inaccessible points on the cliffs, so that my repeated efforts to discover some vantage spot from which I could direct my camera at their nest proved fruitless. Each year, moreover, they selected a new and more difficult tree. That is an eagle trick; for these birds have several residential sites which they occupy on different seasons, seldom returning to the same nest for two consecutive years. And whenever I did succeed in building a blind in the form of a huge eagle's nest in a neighboring tree-top, into which I crept each morning before dawn and remained until evening in my effort to get a good exposure of the pair, the swaying of my lofty perch in the never-ceasing sea wind, or some other untoward circumstances, prevented my securing a successful film.

Finally it occurred to me that I might gradually shorten the tree in which the eagles had built their nest without their being conscious of the fact. I had once done this successfully in order to get a good view of a fish hawk's home. A friend of mine, who is the proprietor of a machine shop, constructed an ingenious device which would hold the tree in place while an eighteen-inch section was sawed out of it every night, so silently and cautiously that the eagles would not be

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 30

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disturbed. But this fine scheme failed because the unaccommodating eagles took up their residence the following spring in a huge Scotch fir, whose limbless trunk, a full yard in diameter, projected over a precipice at the angle of the Tower of Pisa. So our cannily planned shortening device proved useless. I was so disappointed that I nearly cried.

Since I was already on the island, I decided as a last resort to decoy the birds to some point where I could get a picture of them on the ground. So I shot a young seal and placed it in an exposed position on the cliff, over which the eagles circled every morning. But food was so abundant in the spring, when broodling duck and other young birds were plentiful, that my coarse bait had no attraction for them.

Reasoning that I might have better success in the autumn, I revisited the island at that season. A hunter on the coast had told me that he had once seen four eagles, late one fall, feasting on a dead elk. So, after interminable time and effort, I shot one of these animals and carried the body out to the island fastness, where we left it exposed at the foot of the cliff. I felt ashamed of wasting so much good venison, but I must have a picture of those eagles.

That attracted their attention. The next day four eagles hovered in the heavens spying out every nook and crevice of the landscape. Before daybreak I had taken up my position in a blind under the mossy roots of a giant pine. At regular intervals the shadows of the mighty birds swept across the sunny spot before me. Later they perched silently on a high tree and surveyed the scene with sharp eyes. But they refused to descend.

The sunny days passed and winter came. A snowstorm swept down howling from the northeast. It was scarcely possible to reach the island by a boat, and seemed quite useless to take a camera. But that time the provoking birds almost courted intimacy. A gold eagle from the north swooped down and perched close to me. Another member of the tribe stood his ground and swore at me when I approached. But the moment the storm was over and the sun came out, the birds became shy again and resumed their posts in the tree-tops, or circled for hours in the heavens above.

Finally a new idea popped into my head. If the eagles would not fly down to me, I would fly up to them. So I engaged an airplane, a three hundred and fifty horsepower Savoya hydro, rebuilt the body to accommodate my cinema camera, and started out with a skillful pilot friend in search of my prey. The venture finally ended with our dropping into the sea minus a propeller. But I saved my camera with a few inches of film showing the flying eagles.

By this time the third autumn since I made my rash resolve was drawing to a close, and I was tempted to acknowledge my defeat. But the following spring I discovered an eagle's nest on an island so far out at sea that the trees were no more than sixty feet high. One of these stubby pines had a nest that was not even in the very top. I had never before seen one perched so low, and felt confident that the opportunity I sought had come. For close to the eagle's tree stood a smaller, half-dead pine, whose crown reached up to the level of the nest. I decided that this must be my vantage point.

Giving up the idea of gradually shortening the tree in which the birds had made their home, since they were already nearer the ground than was their wont, I built myself for preliminary observation an inconspicuous blind in a pine tree about seventy paces

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from the nest, with the idea of filming them from that rather distant point before attempting a closer approach. It was much too far away to see the eagles 'in the white of the eye,' and I still intended to try later the tempting half-dead pine not more than thirty feet from the brooding birds. But that tree was not large enough to support a blind and a man, to say nothing of a heavy cinema camera.

While I was pondering this situation, it occurred to me that perhaps the eagles would not mind an additional tree or two in their vicinity, providing it appeared silently in the night without disturbing their slumbers. So the very next evening, when the birds could not see, — for they are practically blind in the darkness, — I took three sturdy and silent companions, and, selecting the tallest slender fir I could find in the mountains, had it sawed off silently at the base, carried to a point within a few feet of the eagles' nest, and erected like a Christmas tree at that point. It was a careful and laborious task in the darkness, but we managed it with wire rope and well-oiled tackle, and got the thing ready before dawn. Then we hid ourselves in the wood and watched the result. The new tree was fully six feet higher than we needed it, but the eagles apparently took no notice of it. What did an extra fir tree or two matter to them? The following night a second tree migrated to the same vicinity, and little by little, night after night, a blind of fir branches, planks, and green-painted canvas was erected between the three fir trunks. I was dead tired, but exhilarated with success. It was an unforgettable summer day for me when I found myself, albeit for a short time, almost within the domestic circle of this eagle family, as well as that of a pair of wagtails, who were rearing a brood only a hands-breadth away from their big neighbors. Nevertheless, the restless eagles gave me little opportunity to observe them, for, moved perhaps by some secret premonition of human proximity, they spent very little time on their nest. Consequently, the spectator sees in less than five minutes on the screen a film that it took me more than one thousand hours to make.

GERMINAL

BY Æ

[From the *Irish Statesman*]

Call not thy wanderer home as yet
Though it be late.
Now is his first assailing of
The invisible gate.
Be still through that light knocking. The hour
Is thronged with fate.

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To that first tapping at the door
Fate answereth.
What shining image or voice, what sigh
Or honeyed breath,
Comes forth, shall be the guider of life,
Even to death.

Satyrs may follow after. Seraphs
On crystal wing
May blaze. But the delicate first comer,
It shall be king.
They shall obey, even the mightiest,
That gentle thing.

All the strong powers of Dante were bowed
To a child's mild eyes
That wrought within him that travail
From depths up to skies,
Inferno, Purgatorio,
And Paradise.

In ancient shadows and twilights,
Where childhood had strayed,
The world's great sorrows were born and
Its conquests were made.
In the lost boyhood of Judas
Christ was betrayed.

Amid the soul's grave counselors
An invincible boy
Laughs under the laurels and purples, the elf
Who snatched at his joy,
Ordering Cæsar's legions to bring him
The world for his toy.

Let thy child brood in that radiant dark:
Call him not home.
The door opens: a breath, a voice
From the ancient room
Speaks to him now, and, even to death,
He is knit with his doom.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Max Harden

THE voice of Isidor Witkowski — otherwise known as Maximilian Harden — will be heard no more, and the slumbers of the ex-Kaiser should be sounder than ever now that the defamer of 'Phili' Eulenburg and Count Kuno von Moltke has gone to his reward. During his lifetime Harden uttered many unpleasant truths that those in authority would have preferred to ignore. He changed his spots many times, but on one issue he remained adamant, one secret he guarded faithfully — his right name.

As editor of *Zukunft*, Harden made himself a perpetual thorn in the Kaiser's flesh; yet he was allowed to pursue his activities much more freely than any other oppositionist. Presumably the Kaiser had a sneaking respect for the man, though he may have not thought him worth bothering with. But when *Zukunft* half unconsciously exposed the immoral practices of certain Court notables, Harden became a national celebrity. The Government prosecuted him, but, though he had to spend four months in jail, he won his case in the end. This encouraged him so much that he promptly accused the Kaiser's English mother of having secretly married Count Seckendorff after her first husband's death.

When the war broke out, Harden, like Thomas Mann and numerous other 'intellectuals' who have since swung into the Republican camp, shouted for blood and iron with the best of them, but by 1916 he had taken up a different theme, and conducted a column in the London *Times* entitled 'Through German Eyes,' in which he expostulated against submarine warfare and ridiculed the German militarists. After the war, he supported the Versailles Treaty, tore up his militaristic outburst, assailed Erzberger and Noske, a former War Minister, and became a thoroughgoing Pan-European.

Harden's final ambition was to be Ambassador to the United States, but he had made so many enemies in the course of his fighting life that he never attained his goal. His style has been described as 'a combination of Carlyle and Meredith at their worst,' but this is hardly just, as anyone who read his sketch of Stresemann that appeared in these pages some months ago will remember. His latest book to be translated into English was entitled *I Meet My Contemporaries*. It is controversial, unbalanced, and brilliant — altogether typical of a man whose turgid spirit reflected many of the symptoms of the anxious times in which he lived and played so active a rôle.

Chile's Centenary of Journalism

FEW European papers can equal the remarkable record set by *El Mercurio* of Chile, which has been published for a hundred years in a country torn by wars and revolution. During all this time it has played a greater part in national history than any other institution in the land, having consistently maintained a broad, intelligent point of view.

El Mercurio was founded by an enterprising Yankee, Thomas G. Wells, who pretended to use it for the purpose

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of publishing official announcements, but actually conceived it as a source of revenue. His hopes were realized, and he sold his interests in 1833. Eight years later an exile from the Argentine, Don Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, began writing editorials for it, and the paper was launched on its political career. It has concentrated on practical affairs, and in its columns public interest has always prevailed over private gain. Another Argentinian, Don Bartolome Mitre, was also associated with the paper's destiny during the thirties. Its distinguished editors include Don Augustin Edwards Ross, at one time Minister of Finance in the cabinet of President Balmaceda, and Don Hermognes Perez de Arce, who several times held the portfolio of Secretary of State. Ever since its earliest days *El Mercurio* has been closely linked with the intellectual and political leaders of Chile, and many of its editors and contributors have been awarded national honors and appointments accordingly.

Transformation by Translation

THE vicissitudes from which any writer's work suffers in translation — save only in the *Living Age* — were clearly revealed by an experiment conducted in *Politiken*, a leading Danish daily paper. A gathering of Copenhagen littérateurs had been discussing how difficult it was to reproduce exactly the thought and style of any given author in a foreign tongue. *Politiken*, therefore, prevailed upon Johannes V. Jensen, who writes the strongest and most individual Danish of any of his countrymen, to submit a short original manuscript to the test it had devised. He sent in a sketch of about seven hundred words, entitled 'The Load of Timber,' which described a wagon rumbling down a woodland road. The rhythmical sentences, simple phrases, and well-chosen words gave a vivid impression of forest smells and colors, of abundant animal life, and of the dignity of nature and of labor.

Professor Karlgren, a Swedish philologist at the University of Copenhagen and a complete master of Danish, translated the sketch into Swedish and forwarded this version to Dr. Marcus, Professor of Swedish at the University of Berlin. This man, incidentally, knows Danish perfectly, and could not have failed to recognize Jensen's strongly marked style in the original. Nevertheless, after putting the sketch into German he wrote, 'It was a bit difficult to translate, but I have no idea who the writer may be.' The German text then went to Miss Constance Vesey in London, who acts as adviser on French and German translations to two large British publishing houses. Her English translation then crossed the Channel and was put into French by Horace de Carbuccia, editor of the *Revue de France*, and an expert on both English and Danish literature.

The sketch had now passed through five different languages, and the French version was given to a Danish doctor of philosophy named Rimestad, who has translated many French classics into Danish. He has written extensively on Jensen, whose work, he says, can never retain its full flavor in a foreign language. On receiving the French article he called up *Politiken* and asked in surprise why they wanted a translation of material that seemed to have been written by a school-child, adding that none of the contemporary French writers whom he admired could have turned out anything so banal.

When his translation was finally put beside the original article he was amazed at Jensen's consistently felicitous language, although in a foreign

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tongue the same piece seemed commonplace and worthless. In the original, for instance, the driver was described as a bearded country workman 'in a state of complete balance.' In the foreign languages this was rendered as 'indifferent,' whereas in Danish it implies a state of inner equilibrium. *Politiken* closed the subject with a drawing of a wagonload of timber setting forth from Copenhagen to Stockholm and continuing its progress through Berlin, London, and Paris, finally returning to Copenhagen a mere load of firewood, ready to burn.

That Flying Flapper

WE cannot but regret an outworn code of morals and a strict censorship of the mails which conspire to prevent our including some of the French comments on Miss Ruth Elder's transatlantic fiasco. *Cyrano*, for instance, printed what purported to be 'The Travel Journal of Miss Ruth Helder' — whether the misprint of her last name is intentional or not we are unable to say. It runs, with emendations, something like this: —

'*Departure.* We're off at last! I am sitting in my airplane, the American Girl, and behind me is my passenger, Captain Haldeman. The crowd is cheering me. Really, there are too many people here. I mean I'd never dare to loosen my chin strap in front of such a crowd. There goes my jacket bulging out in front again, and here come the photographers. I hope it does n't show in the pictures.

'*First hour.* How narrow these airplanes are! And I only took bare necessities with me — twenty-four dresses, the same number of hats and pairs of shoes, thirty shirt waists, fifty pairs of silk stockings, and so forth. There's hardly any room at all for Haldeman. The poor fellow is sitting on a pile of my shawls, with our box of provisions on his knees.

'*Second hour.* Everything going well. People have criticized me for taking a traveling companion. A girl should n't be alone with a man all that time, they say. Quite right. But Haldeman is proper, and it only takes two days to cross the Atlantic. Still, I am a woman, and two days without talking . . .

'*Fourth hour.* We are flying over the ocean. What a lot of water!

'*Twenty-third hour.* Oh dear, I left my pearl necklace in New York. I'd like to go back and get it.

'*Twenty-fifth hour.* The motor is knocking. We're heading for the water. Haldeman tells me to put on my life belt, but it wrinkles my clothes in the back.

'*Thirtieth hour.* We alight in the sea, and the water pours in. An oil tanker comes to our rescue and sends out lifeboats. Haldeman has n't finished adjusting my life belt. How can I face my rescuers with a belt that wrinkles my clothes!

'*On board the Barendrecht.* The Captain of the Barendrecht is charming, but he smells of tobacco. We shake hands. Of course, I'm glad to have escaped without injury, but these sailors might have saved me a little more gently. They've torn the seams of every one of my silk stockings. And now I'm going to dress for dinner.'

The rest is history.

Names and the Man

EUROPEANS, who never tire of casting aspersions at our racial and national prejudices, have remained extraordinarily blind to the anti-Semitic atmosphere in which many of them live, and which has forced a considerable number of their most brilliant writers to adopt noncommittal pen names. Two recent events — the death of Maximilian

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Harden (born Isidor Witkowski), which we mention in another note, and the visit to America of Emil Ludwig, whose patronymic of Cohen might have proved quite an asset over here — have brought this curious fact to the fore. Even Georg Morris Cohen Brandes found it convenient to drop his two middle names and to acquire the reputation of a great Dane.

British prejudice against the Irish and the Indians no doubt accounts in large measure for the tolerance shown toward such men as Zangwill and Disraeli, but there would even seem to be a certain sympathy between the Englishman and the Jew. Lord Reading, Sir Alfred Mond, and Sir Herbert Samuel have won the highest distinctions in practical fields of activity, and the English spirit has never been more brilliantly interpreted than by Gilbert and Sullivan. In France, on the other hand, André Maurois changed his name from Émile Hertzog and, like many others of Jewish extraction, proceeded to interpret the English character with sympathy and understanding.

The case of Anatole France is rather more problematical. In any event, his real name was Jacques Anatole Thibault, but the question of whether he made the change simply because Thibault is as common in his country as Smith or Jones is in ours, or whether an alien strain made him eager to identify himself with his beloved native land, remains, as far as we know, undecided. Marcel Proust made no secret of his Jewish blood, nor did he change his unusual name to something less bizarre. Nowadays it is jokingly said that if a French writer wishes to make a real success he must adopt a foreign name, preferably Polish, Czech, or Russian, although frequently the national love of harmony also proves a determining factor, as in the cases of Louis Farigoule and Louis Viaud, who changed to Jules Romains and Pierre Loti respectively. The cases of d'Annunzio, originally Rapagnetta, and of Joseph Conrad, originally Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski, are roughly similar.

The caprices that determine writers to abandon the name that their fathers gave them are various, and occasionally intelligible, but why Winifred Ashton calls herself Clemence Dane, why Katherine Beauchamp (later Mrs. J. Middleton Murry) shifted to Katherine Mansfield, or why Charles Kingsley's daughter, Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, signs her books Lucas Malet, we do not pretend to understand. Such problems as these lie in the realm of feminine psychology, far beyond the scope of this department.

The Hindu at the Cinema

Sir Ebrahim Haroon Jaffer has made the startling observation that American motion pictures are too immoral for Hindu audiences. The trouble apparently lies in the fact that there is neither good nor bad, 'but thinking makes it so,' for the diversity of outlook makes a highly moral American plot exceedingly questionable when shown on the Hindu silver sheet.

Most American motion pictures are based on a love plot, but Mr. V. Ramdas Pantulu objects: 'Wooing may be a very admirable acquisition or accomplishment of young ladies in other countries, but in this country wooing is not considered an accomplishment. Indians are absolutely dead against this system. . . . Therefore the story . . . is undoubtedly calculated to corrupt public morals in this country.' The entire tone of a picture is often at fault, and pictures describing the life of high-speed New York are condemned *in toto*. The general tendency in the British press is to lay the blame on America, and to insist that

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English films will prove more moral. The Government of India plans to inaugurate a strict system of control. It is also suggested that Indian legend and story provide the scenarios for pictures shown in that country.

Making due allowance for the commercial factors in the matter, we cannot deny that many poor films are produced in America and foisted upon exhibitors under a system of block-booking. But America is not wholly at fault, for many of the so-called evils are inherent in the Occidental point of view and in the popularity of the cinema. Now that we have radio broadcasting from England to India, are we to imagine that no popular love songs will be put on the air?

Preserving London's Purity

THE London County Council's veto of a measure sanctioning ten midnight performances a year at the London Pavilion has been assailed by a sophisticated minority of up-to-date Englishmen, who have discerned in this display of prudery a new instance of American penetration. The *Saturday Review* devotes a leading article to dreadful visions of 'an American dictatorship with a censorship on books, a ban on cigarettes,' and a host of other horrors whose acquaintance the citizens of New York, and of many other of our larger cities, have yet to make.

'The majority of the people in London,' announces the Council's report, 'have to earn their living by work, and the few who are in a position to go to night clubs should not be in a position to indulge their levity to the gross annoyance of the rest of the population.' To the editor of the *Saturday Review* this no doubt sounds like one of Mayor Walker's battle cries against the abominations of night life, but Americans, as familiar with their London as with their New York, can hardly agree. The Reverend Dr. Scott Lidgett, one of the sterner members of the Council, announced that, 'with the very best intentions in the world, such performances would tend to the gathering of undesirables,' adding that the movement it represented was 'one of the most dangerous that could possibly be brought to the notice of the Council.'

But the *Saturday Review*, in spite of the respectability and integrity of the Council, still maintains: 'Beneath the actions of authority in England today lies the extraordinary notion that everybody abroad after the evening meal is a suspect. To be thirsty after eleven is to be a son of Belial; to want tobacco or chocolates is to be considered a voluptuary of the most deplorable kind. One member of the Council is reported to have said that such a proposal, in which there might be nothing wrong, was a drift in the wrong direction. We leave our readers to the contemplation of this masterpiece of Puritan logic.'

And to our readers who, on the authority of the Bishop of London himself, drank in hatred of old England with their mothers' milk, we commend earnest contemplation of the godless *Saturday Review* and all its anti-American works.

Scarcely a Wedding

WHEN Princess Anne, daughter of the Duc de Guise, asked the *Action Française* to devote to Royalist propaganda the money it had raised to buy a wedding present for herself and the Prince of Piedmont, she precipitated a real religious crisis, and proved herself the true ally of her father's harassed supporters, the MM. Daudet and Maurras. Cardinal Ascalesi, the Archbishop of

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Naples, was holding himself in readiness to officiate at the sumptuous regal ceremony, but the bride's sudden and public display of sympathy for the *Action Française* made it necessary for the Pope to request the Cardinal to excuse himself on the ground of illness. Princess Anne's political sympathies were notorious, but the Vatican had hoped that she would keep them to herself on this occasion.

King Alfonso of Spain felt moved to send this kindly message to the father of the bride: 'Console yourself, my cousin, for, even if there are no princes of the Church at the wedding ceremony, a sufficiency of princes of the blood will be present.' For a moment it looked as if the ceremony itself might not occur, since few priests would care to assume a function forbidden to a cardinal. Luckily, however, the King of Italy saved the day by ordering his Court chaplain to officiate. Thus Princess Anne preserved her religion as well as her politics, and married a prince into the bargain. Better she could not do.

A Belgian on Britain

An impressive exhibition of English tolerance occurred the other day when M. Émile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet and critic, was allowed to assert before a London audience that Barrie and de la Mare were the two most representative British writers now living and to escape unscathed and even unchallenged. To be sure, M. Cammaerts hastened to remind his hearers that foreign opinion preferred Hardy, Wells, Shaw, and Conrad, although such a strange predilection could only be accounted for on the grounds of ignorance.

Perhaps it is natural for a countryman of Maeterlinck to admire the genius that gave us *The Well-Remembered Voice*, and in any case the following comment is revealing: 'It is the close association of naturalism and supernaturalism,' said M. Cammaerts, 'which, to my mind, is the most distinctive feature of modern British literature.' Other manifestations of this tendency include Chesterton's *Magic* and Laurence Housman's *Possession*, a little play about dead people similar to *Outward Bound*.

Such criticism only goes to show that each of us carries his own world with him wherever he goes. A Frenchman, nurtured on Proust, would be likely to rhapsodize over Virginia Woolf. Germans, with a surer understanding of the English temperament, admire Galsworthy. Few foreigners, in spite of what M. Cammaerts says, care for Hardy, but Kipling is enormously popular, and is unquestionably looked upon in Europe as the most essentially British writer since Dickens.

De la Mare with his French name and Barrie with his Scotch blood perhaps awaken some atavistic strain in a Belgian soul, and in any case both writers have exploited a form of whimsical pseudomysticism that enjoys a European prestige as definite as it is limited. In expanding his theme and in pointing out how prone the British are to developing childhood memories, M. Cammaerts hits upon a tradition that has emerged since the war but that the more modern school as exemplified by Mrs. Woolf and T. S. Eliot has avoided. Possibly this furtive mysticism is the last stand of an indigenous literary school that is already crumbling before the attacks of international forces.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Soldier Diplomat, by Brigadier-General Sir Douglas Dawson. London: John Murray, 1927. 18*s*.

[*Morning Post*]

A NEW version of the mysterious Meyerling tragedy, in which the Crown Prince of Austria met his death, is given by Brigadier-General Sir Douglas Dawson in his Memoirs.

'In view of M. Paléologue's account of the story,' writes Sir Douglas, 'told him by the Empress Eugénie when he visited her at her villa on Cap Martin, — published in the *Morning Post* on June 20, 1923, — I feel I may now repeat what I was told by my great friend in Vienna, Count Eugen Kinsky.

'The account he gave me he had got personally from Count Hoyos, which story, the latter said, was identical with the report he gave the Emperor the next morning, he being the only person with the Crown Prince that night.'

According to M. Paléologue, there had been a supper party on the night of the tragedy, at which Marie Vetsira, the Prince's mistress, who died with him, Prince Philip of Coburg, and Count Hoyos were present. Sir Douglas's version shows that Count Hoyos dined alone with the Crown Prince, that Prince Philip of Coburg was not in the house, and that Marie Vetsira came quietly into the house that evening, after walking some distance in rain and mud.

'I had met her on my first visit to Vienna,' he writes, 'and only the season before her death her mother brought her to London, and I called on them at Claridge's Hotel. She was a striking-looking girl, with beautiful eyes and a charming manner.'

The writer has been everywhere, and he met everyone of note on the Continent during his years as military attaché in Vienna, Bucharest, Belgrade, Paris, Brussels, and Berne; while, in various capacities in the Royal Household, and finally as State Chamberlain, he had opportunities for meeting everyone of importance in this country.

'It may only be because I am growing old,' he writes, 'but, in my opinion, London was then a more enjoyable place than it is now. There was not the feverish rush that there is to-day. Further, in those days, one can truly say, individuals were singled out who led the social world, whether in London, Melton, Cowes, or in country houses. House parties for the inside of a week were the custom, instead of the rush for the week-end of nowadays.'

Apropos of week-ends, he tells an extraordinary story of the strictness of Sabbath observance in Scotland. The writer was the guest of the Duke of Hamilton in the Isle of Arran, and one Sunday, after luncheon, his host went to the gunroom to display the sights of a rifle to his friends.

The head stalker entered the room, strode straight up to the Duke, saying: 'Your Grace, how dare you take a rifle out on the Sabbath! You desairve never to kill another stag as long as you live.' With that he snatched the rifle out of the Duke of Hamilton's hands, locked it up, put the key in his pocket, and left the room.

Court etiquette provides Sir Douglas with many a good story. Austria was most punctilious in its observances of royal formality, and proper respect to the honored guest demanded that he should be placed on the right when walking. The Emperor of Austria had come to meet the Duke of Edinburgh on his arrival in Vienna on one occasion, and at once placed the Duke on his right.

The Duke, fully alive to Austrian punctilio, edged round to the Emperor's left. 'The Emperor would n't have it, and did likewise. The result was comic. These two august personages edged round one another for the length of the station platform, much disturbing the gravity of those following.'

It was less comic, however, on another

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occasion. One of the strictest rules of Viennese etiquette was that a gentleman must never be seated next a lady without having been formally introduced. One Count Potocki, finding himself placed at dinner next to a lady to whom he had never been presented, spent much time in attempting to find her husband, so that the introduction might be effected. He failed and gave it up, conversing amiably with the lady throughout supper.

Later on, however, an infuriated husband dashed up to him and challenged him. 'Early next morning poor Potocki was run right through the stomach — a very serious wound, from which he eventually recovered.'

Plain Jane, by A. P. Herbert. London: Fisher Unwin, 1927. 6*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

ANATOLE FRANCE regretted that the Creator had not recognized His limitations and, instead of bungling a grandiose and overcomplicated universe, been content with making a really good job of *quelque chose de petit et de parfait — un petit poisson, une goutte d'eau*. Mr. Herbert's light verse may be on a small scale, but it is one of the few perfectly done things of the present day: it has the articulation of the little fish and the limpidity of the drop of water; and not enough is made of it. Perhaps it is n't sufficiently borne in mind that a humorous writer may be a serious artist. Other gifted poets, who are satisfied with making shots, hit or miss, at valuable truths or profound emotions, get plenty of critical attention. Mr. Herbert, serving up his trifles with the good breeding of the craftsman who respects himself and his audience too much to leave an obscure or halting line, is apt to be taken for granted. Yet it is certainly an achievement to have carried the technical tradition of Calverley and Gilbert into the treatment of the most modern topics in the most modern temper.

The poems, it is true, do not lend themselves to disquisition; and the reviewer's best plan is to quote as much as there is room for and, in the words of the current song, to ask the reader very confidentially, 'Ain't that fine?' As a sample of Mr. Herbert's versification at its most original, in its exuberant but ordered freedom, here is the opening of 'The Proletariat,' which is at the same time a capital *aperçu* of a typical British reaction to Marxian tub-thumping: —

I was playing darts in the old Blue Dragon,
There was young Bert Baxter and a little friend of Jane's,
Harriet and Albert, that works on the railway,
And old Bill Mortimer that works upon the drains;
When up jumps a lunatic and starts a little chat,
And he calls us 'Members of the Proletariat'!
Oh, we *did* laugh!
Oh, we *did* laugh!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Well, it knocks a fellow flat!
And I said: 'Well, boys, what d'you think of that?
Fancy me a member of the Proletariat!
Fancy me and you,
And Harriet and Hugh,
All these years, boys, and, Lord, we never knew
We was all life-members of the Proletariat,
The Proly-oly-roly-poly-proly-tari-at!'

More in the manner of the Bab Ballads is 'The Surprising Song of the King's Counsel,' with its delightful refrain:

Blow! blow! Sir Buster Blow!
Sir Buster Blow's-a-blowing!

The K.C. is explaining to a witness the great gulf which is fixed between his opportunities and hers: —

But I have been retained to blast
Your future and expose your past,
A process which
Will make you itch,
But move the Court to chuckles!
And if you falter, blush, or blink,
The Jury will know what to think,
While if you try
A smart reply,
The Judge will rap your knuckles.

In 'One of the Best' there is a touch of Calverley (see 'I know not if in others' eyes she seemed almost divine'): —

I never had a fault to find
With Mabel; she was clean and kind,
But still she would improve my mind,
And take me off to chapels;
She interfered with people's sins,
She'd set her heart on having twins,
She made me live on vitamins
And start the day with apples.

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Mr. Herbert has one or two excursions into pathos. Only a very humane man could have written the scene of the little slavey telephoning to her sailor sweetheart that she can't meet him on his last night ashore because it is n't her evening out, and forced to cut short her farewells by lack of coppers for 'another three minutes'; and there is real poignancy in 'What's the Game?' about the unattractive person who had been such a success as a baby; but (with only a passing mention of the most substantial piece in the book — a very amusing little night-club drama in the style of Mr. Shaw's *Admirable Bashville*) I will finish with the most exhilarating of Mr. Herbert's choruses: —

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
I want to make Hammersmith hum;
I'm longing to thump
A piano or jump
Up and down on the top of a drum.
Harriet, hi!
Light of my eye!
Come to the pictures and have a good cry,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-Hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

The Development of the Theatre, by Allardyce Nicoll. London: Harrap; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927. $10.00.

The Theatre in Life, by Nicolas Evreinoff. London: Harrap, 1927. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

In treating a subject like that of the theatre — an art which sets out to reflect every changing color of life itself — the broadest-minded of historians or critics must perforce choose some one aspect of it for his commentary. These two books on the theatre make choice of two diametric opposites. Professor Nicoll's book is packed with knowledge; Mr. Evreinoff's has an irresistible élan. The one is a repository of fact, the other a champagne glass of fizzing theory. And though their authors may neither have anticipated nor desired it, they lose nothing by being read comparatively. For, like other human institutions, the theatre has both body and spirit, complementary and interdependent. Professor Nicoll's historical interests decide that he shall concentrate on the body, Mr. Evreinoff's enthusiasm that he shall spiritualize.

In retracing the genealogy of the drama from Sophocles to Shaw, Professor Nicoll shows that the more drama changes the more the theatre itself remains the same thing. Keeping resolutely to fact, — for speculation and bias have no place in an historical epitome, — he is learned, but not laborious; informative, but never pedantic. So interesting and well-chosen are they that it throws no slur on his text to suggest that, to one reader at least, its illustrations — there are over 270 of them — constitute a great part of the book's charm. This unique and fascinating collection of pictorial data — crude, simple, and richly elaborate — shows us the type of theatre in which plays of each period and school were acted, and demonstrates the evolution of the playhouse from the amphitheatres of sixth-century Athens to the most modern piece of stage construction. From them one gathers that the splendors of the Renaissance were not confined to the Continent, but that certain of the theatres of Elizabethan England held their own in sumptuousness of design. The costume problem that exercised the Elizabethan producer seems to have been the reverse of that recently raised by Sir Barry Jackson's plain-clothes productions; and we find that the banishment of the footlights, for æsthetic reasons, is no new thing. Indeed, the more one studies the development of theatrical production in the light of Professor Nicoll's researches, the more astonishing seems the conservatism of its principles.

For Professor Nicoll, then, it would seem that the theatre is a thing of tradition and history. But, in so far as they mortify his dreams and hinder enterprise, Mr. Evreinoff abominates history and defies tradition. He is that stimulating thing, the creative iconoclast. The theatre of his fancy would owe nothing to the past; though perhaps the commedia dell' arte, about which Professor Nicoll writes so delightful a chapter, comes nearest to the spontaneous drama he advocates. His thesis, however, is pleasantly provocative rather than explicit. Clearly, sound production cannot be stereotyped, but must

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vary with the type of play which it sets out. So that whereas real door-knobs and practicable windows are out of place in, let us say, spectacular pageantry, they are not only not mere vulgarisms, but actual complementary accessories to the meticulous realism of modern comedy. The theatre, in short, has room for both traditionalist and innovator. And though it may be left for Mr. Evreinoff himself to put his theories into practice, he discusses them in a most engaging manner, and is stimulating even when he puzzles.

The Heritage of Music, Collected Essays, edited by Hubert Foss. Oxford: The University Press, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

SOME of the greatest composers are discussed here in a dozen essays each by a different contributor. Dr. Herbert Thompson writes with dignity on Beethoven, telling us, among other things, that 'Beethoven's name will always be associated with the symphony, and his nine symphonies are, on the whole, his most representative works. An appreciation of them makes an understanding of the nature of his art and of its place in history comparatively clear.' This is the truth, and that 'comparatively clear' is good. Mr. Cecil Gray makes brilliant and disturbing investigations into the case of Brahms. But what will Dr. Thompson, Mr. Fuller-Maitland, and the other definitely circumspect contributors to this book have to say of Mr. Gray's opinion that Brahms 'could never write a great first movement of the classical style . . . because he was unable to invent strong and vital first subjects'? Mr. W. J. Turner plays cleverly upon the theme of Mozart. He is concerned about Mozart's lack of the 'active power,' the spiritual faith, possessed by Bach and Beethoven. Mr. Turner cannot describe this 'active power'; he can only point to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and say that it is present there. 'Mozart could not have written the last movement of that symphony. . . . It expressed an emotion he had never felt.'

May it be suggested that Mozart did not attempt 'affirmations' or 'active power' of the Beethoven order for at least two good reasons? He had, after all, only arrived at the unphilosophical age of thirty-five when he died. And may not an instinct for style have constantly warned Mozart against the tough-minded job of performing an 'affirmation'? An artist of Mozart's purity of style is not likely ever to endanger the general ensemble of his work, æsthetically and technically. The note of hardness of mind, which must come into any man's announcement of a mastery over life — this note would have sounded the only inexplicable discord in Mozart's music. Probably he suffered troubles as a man which the artist in him had little use for; the style is not *always* the *whole* man. An artist must select from his various reactions to the world in which he lives. Some of these reactions will 'fit in' with his style and some will not. After all, Mozart might conceivably have expressed surprise at the modern conception of a work of art as a human document — a means of confessing personal faiths and doubts, joys and despairs. That he often told us in his music of much that went on in the secret places of the heart is not proof that he did so deliberately or ever thought that it was the artist's job to take heed of such matters. He might even have persuaded Mr. Turner to the view that an 'affirmation' of any sort is an ethical and not an æsthetic value at all. Mr. Turner thinks that this want of Yes-saying energy in Mozart is crucial to his rank as a composer. 'He had no faith, he could not lift up his heart and sing from the bottom of that abyss. . . . Therefore, and therefore only, he is not the world's greatest composer.' Who, indeed, is the 'world's greatest composer'? What is the greatest of anything? As the man in Mr. O'Casey's play asks, 'What *is* the moon; what *is* the stars?'

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Letters of Madame de Sévigné, Selected with an Introductory Essay by Richard Aldington, 2 vols., $8.50; **The Secret Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès,** edited by Robert Chantemesse, translated by Eric Sutton, $5.00; **The Private Life of the Marshal Duke of Richelieu,** translated by F. S. Flint, with an Introductory Essay by Richard Aldington, $4.00. New York: Brentano's, 1927.

THOSE of us who enjoy scandal for its own sake will be delighted with all this boudoir gossip of past centuries, for no longer do people of fashion bare the secrets of their hearts with the frankness of these French ladies and courtiers. Such revelations hold a universal appeal, and even to-day we see their illegitimate descendants flourish in the trashy confessional story. But never was the art raised to such a fine point of perfection as when these amusing and companionable people slyly pushed back the curtains of their old-fashioned beds and granted us an intimate peek at their most domestic affairs.

As delightful friendly gossip, *The Letters of Madame de Sévigné* hold a superior place. Although cast in a form of literature now out of date, these letters should be on the library shelves of everyone who pretends to be well-read. They played a part in the development of the modern novel, but they are much more important as companionable reading for odd moments. We may, however, become bored with their garrulousness if we read too many at one sitting. This reviewer approached them with misgivings, since the editor graciously warned us of their tiring qualities, but he soon learned that they possessed all the charm and personality of letters found in some old forgotten trunk in an attic corner. Snatches of conversation, amusing court incidents, trials, advice, and lovers' quarrels are scattered through these pages. The epistolary art has fallen into decay, but here we may enjoy all the pleasure of reading correspondence without the bother of answering it. For a few minutes a day they provide a pleasant interlude to heavier reading.

Less discreet than Madame de Sévigné is the Duchess d'Abrantès, whose letters and diaries Robert Chantemesse has cleverly edited and arranged into a highly readable volume. The vulgarity of some of the new nobility at the court of Napoleon is revealed with astonishing frankness. Although there is evidence a plenty of deliberate prevarication in the correspondence and diary, on the whole the writings of the hot-blooded Corsican who stopped at nothing in her passionate love for Maurice de Balincourt ring with sincerity. We see the rise of Laura de Permon, who hitched her wagon to the Napoleonic star, her court intrigues, with the steadying hand of Napoleon always in the background, and finally her descent as a bankrupt, besieged by creditors and wearied by morphine. Dramatic indeed are the accounts of her attempted suicide and the death of 'The Duke,' whose excessive dissipation had weakened his mind and whose military career came to a pitiful end.

Still more racy and enjoyable is *The Private Life of the Marshal Duke of Richelieu.* Unlike the heroes of our modern realistic novels, the rakish Duke lives in these pages with the finesse and culture of an experienced lover whose numerous seductions range from princesses to Prynnes. The affair with the shopkeeper's wife is intensely amusing bedroom farce. Although tinged with braggadocio, there is charm and seductiveness about the very way in which the book is written, and, whether historically accurate or not, as a novel it provides entertainment of the first water.

All these worthy bits of French literature have evidently been published for the

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Christmas trade, and they make ideal gift books. We suggest that the reader smoke a pipe with the gossip and sage advice of Madame de Sévigné, a cigar with the passionate love memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès, and a cigarette with the Duke of Richelieu's spicy affairs.

Nothing but the Earth, by Paul Morand. Translated by Lewis Galantière. New York: Robert McBride, 1927. $2.50.

LIKE Aldous Huxley, M. Morand has written a book describing a recent trip around the world, and like Aldous Huxley he devotes most of his attention to the Orient. Here, however, the resemblance ceases, and one feels that Mr. Huxley profits from the qualities of his defects, whereas M. Morand suffers from the defects of his qualities. Frenchmen are proverbially provincial, but the rare exceptions like Morand develop into such successful chameleons that in circling the globe they preserve only their more irritating and superficial characteristics. Englishmen, on the other hand, are adaptable to a certain point, but even the most emancipated of them carry a parcel of home truths wherever they go. For this reason, Huxley's warmer, more naïve book proves far more illuminating than Morand's cold, brief snapshots. The author of *Nothing but the Earth* is so delighted by the kind of description that compares sunsets to dropped eggs that he devotes most of his energies to ringing various changes on that single theme. If, however, the reader can bring himself to disregard this little weakness, an intelligent and lively travel book remains. The author was deeply stirred by the problems of the awakening East, which he has developed further in his as yet untranslated novel, *Le Bouddha Vivant.* We commend *Nothing but the Earth* to all dyed-in-the-wool Morand admirers, and to anyone else who likes caviar on his shredded wheat.

The Gateway to Life, by Frank Thiess. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $3.00.

THIS is the second volume of a tetralogy comprising the childhood, adolescence, youth, and maturity of the post-war generation in Germany, and it deals primarily with the life in the Gymnasium, that arena of bitter conflict between youth and age. As we view the school through the eyes of five or six of its more active-minded pupils we are not surprised that a system of education that graduates the students at sixteen with the knowledge of our college sophomore — and how much more thoroughly assimilated! — and that disregards almost entirely the necessity for proper physical and mental relaxation should result so often in infant suicide. The overtaxed pupils have the added realization that the opportunities afforded them in the future often depend solely on their marks in school.

The German character breathes through the extraordinarily natural dialogue, as well as through a number of rather coarse and monotonous love affairs and frequent excursions into the realm of poetry and the transcendental. Much may be expected of the youth of Germany, whose early desire for understanding was starved by the desiccated, rigid, and intolerant older generation. It is as yet difficult to judge the greatness of Thiess's entire opus, but if the other volumes measure up to the standard of this one the whole should present a comprehensive portrait invaluable to the understanding of present-day Germany.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

UNLESS Europe advances beyond Locarno to arbitration and disarmament, I say, from a long knowledge and — in spite of Sir Austen Chamberlain — a profound knowledge of the conditions in Europe, war is inevitable. — *Lloyd George*

* * *

The Baldwin Government is headed straight for war. In every constituency it is the business of sane and sensible men to vote against the Tory as effectively as possible and put an end to this disastrous drift toward armament and aggression.

— *H. G. Wells*

* * *

When the Rodney joins the Nelson the new composition of the Atlantic Fleet will be complete. The Second Battle Squadron is backed up by the four Iron Dukes, which form the Third Battle Squadron. These ships, thirteen years ago, at the outbreak of the war, were our newest and most powerful battleships. Now they are the oldest in the Fleet, but, with their ten 13.5 guns and their ability to steam twenty knots as a squadron, they are still a force to be reckoned with. — *The Naval Correspondent of the 'Morning Post'*

* * *

A correspondent of the London *Times* quotes the following opinion of Sir John Coleridge, judge of the Queen's Bench, on the rights of pedestrians. It appeared in the *Times* on July 9, 1855. 'Those who wish to cross are bound to watch their opportunity, to use due care and caution; but at the end or corner of a street, if a foot passenger wishes to cross, it should be known that the centre of the street belongs as much to the foot passenger as to the carriage, and he has as much right to tell the driver of a carriage to wait for him as the driver has to make him wait.'

* * *

During my whole lifetime, which includes the heyday of Gladstone, the Liberal Party has tried to conceal its agreement with the Conservative Party on every vital English question by denouncing some foreign tyranny. It has excited itself, and tried to excite the electorate, about the Eastern question (including the Bulgarian question, the Macedonian question, and any other anti-Turkish question), and finally about the Irish question, which kept the Liberal Party going for some thirty years, until, when matters came to a head, it betrayed Ireland.

— *Bernard Shaw*

According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, a decree has now been issued by various burgomasters in the South Tyrol insisting that all tombstone inscriptions in the German language must be effaced and the gravestones either left blank or replaced in the Italian language.

* * *

Opposite the Élysée Palace an amusing doll store has made a specialty of political dolls. All our great statesmen are in the shop window, and the purchasers have not failed to register their preference. Curiously enough, M. Briand sells the best.

The other day M. Barthou came to see himself, and said, 'I thought I was handsomer than that.' M. Poincaré was taken there after a ministerial meeting by M. Tardieu, and smiled — not broadly, but just enough. Last Monday M. Caillaux went around, but he did not see himself on display, and appeared greatly vexed.

— *Cyrano*

* * *

New development of the silent drama as explained in the film notes of an esteemed contemporary: —

> 'Nemesis,' the German film with insect actors, which comes to the Capitol to-day, is one of the more interesting of this week's pictures. Ants and grasshoppers play leading parts. We see them dressed up, going to night clubs, and being run over by steam rollers.

It must be extraordinarily 'interesting' to see the whole cast of the production obliterated in a grand finale, but it is a new convention which is never likely to be popular with the actors. However, we have to our sorrow seen some films — mostly American — where the general destruction of the entire company — including, of course, the producer — would have made an elegant and acceptable finish. But not with a steam roller — that would be both vindictive and messy. Strict justice asks no more than a lethal chamber and the administration of some painless gas. — *Manchester Guardian*

* * *

'He walked about all day with pencil and paper totting up figures for his income tax,' was a statement made at the inquest of Sidney John Martin. The next day he was found by his wife hanging from a tree at the bottom of the garden.

— *Morning Post*

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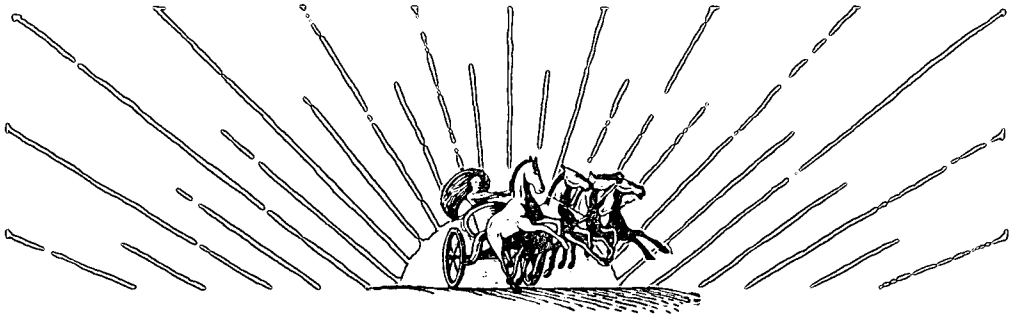

THE LIVING AGE

[FIRST OF THE MONTH NUMBER]

July 1, 1927

AROUND THE WORLD 1

MISCELLANIES . . . . . *From the Editor's Clip* 9
AN UNPUBLISHED WILSON CONVERSATION — GERMANY AND THE DAWES PLAN — SOME DELUSIONS ABOUT CHINA — SPOOFING THE TRADE-UNION BILL — BRIAND IN 1952

BRITAIN'S BREAK WITH RUSSIA . . . . . *Two Sides of the Case* 18
THE GOVERNMENT'S POSITION — THE OPPOSITION ARGUMENT

CHANGSHA UNDER THE TERROR . . . *A 'Times' Correspondent* 22
Yale's Work Undone

PRESIDENT MASARYK . . . . . *Robert Machray* 25
A Champion of Liberalism

ECONOMISTS AT GENEVA . . . . . *A Paris Observer* 29
The Lighter Side of the Conference

A SWISS VIEW OF MEXICO . . . . . *Carl von Schumacher* 32
Present Reflections of Past Conditions

ANTICIPATING ECONOMIC CYCLES . . . . . *Mario Alberti* 35
Babsonizing Italy

NEWS FROM ALBANIA . . . . . *Robert Kempner* 39
Europe's Sore Spot

THE GOOD WIND . . . . . *Massimo Bontempelli* 44
A Modernist Fantasy

ENGLAND AT SCHOOL . . . . . *René Schaerer* 48
Impressions of a Swiss Teacher

NEW NOVELS BY FRENCH WOMEN . . . . . *John Charpentier* 52
The Stronger Sex Protests

HERCULANEUM POSSIBILITIES . . . . *Sir Charles Walston* 56
The Lure That Captured Mussolini

EXPLORING FROM THE AIR . . . . . *General Umberto Nobile* 63
Italy's Arctic Navigator Speaks

SHORTER ARTICLES: The Post-War Novel in England — Literary Theses — Bakunin's Confession 67

DEPARTMENTS: Business Abroad — Life, Letters, and the Arts — Books Abroad — Our Own Bookshelf — Discretion and Indiscretion — Coming Events Abroad . 74

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The Author of Jalna

MAZO DE LA ROCHE, the Canadian author whose story *Jalna* won the Atlantic's $10,000 prize, has become, overnight as it were, a national celebrity. Canada is openly rejoicing in her achievement and her own city, Toronto, has fairly overwhelmed her with its congratulations. Formal dinners have been given in her honor by the City of Toronto, when a tea service of Sheffield plate was presented to her, by the P. E. N. Club of Canada and the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. The Prime Minister of Canada, the Canadian Ambassador to Washington, and the Mayor of Toronto were present at the first-named function. As this is written her short plays are being presented at the Hart House Theater, Toronto. Meanwhile the fortunate author is planning to retire to her little house in the deep woods where *Jalna* was written and where she will begin work on a sequel.

JALNA started in the May *Atlantic Monthly*. It has aroused great enthusiasm already after only two installments, for it has the quality of holding tense interest, and making readers eager for the next chapters.

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A Sane and Moderate Crusader

It should be clear that Prof. Ripley is not a Jeremiah but a Moses. He does not view with excessive alarm nor seek to chastise big business, but to lead it gently out of "honeyfugling" and "malversation" into the paths of pure service and permanent prosperity. He is himself a business man and a director of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad.

Prof. Ripley is a sane and moderate crusader who speaks with all his statistics in hand. His mission is to enlighten the great body of small investors whose condition he describes as follows: "As long as an offer 'looks good' they follow the leader, even though the circumstances as respects their rights may be 'as dark as the inside of a cow,' to borrow a phrase from the Kentucky mountaineers." Prof. Ripley has lighted up the inside of the cow for us more than a little. — From the review by KEITH PRESTON in the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, of

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THE GUIDE POST

JUST as certain New Jersey Southerners surpassed the First Families of Virginia in their enthusiasm for the cause of the Confederacy, so the Shanghai Die-hards who edit the *North China Herald* and dispose of various delusions about China outdo the home-dwelling Conservatives in their imperial zeal. Even the most rabid Tory would think twice before he referred to 'a man — even a coolie' just after he had denied harboring 'a feeling of race superiority.' It is this English habit of mind that estranges certain Americans from the Mother Country, just as President Wilson observed in the conversation we reprint from the *Morning Post*.

❦ ❦ ❦

Although *Journal des Débats* is not entirely free from animosity toward Germany, its observations on the Dawes Plan carry more weight than those of any other Parisian newspaper. *Cyrano*, on the other hand, has altogether too much fun lampooning Briand idealism to worry about accuracy. Clément Vautel, author of the prophetic skit, is one of the most successful humorists in Paris. Two of his plays, *Mon Curé chez les riches* and *Mon Curé chez les pauvres*, have enjoyed great success.

❦ ❦ ❦

Two facts emerge from the dispute about England's break with Russia. On the one hand, in spite of the futile raid on Arcos, Britain was amply justified in severing relations. On the other hand, it is hard to see what she will gain by the move, and it is plain that she will lose a great deal of valuable business. Both the *Times* and the *Guardian* are right as far as they go. The question is, does moral indignation pay?

❦ ❦ ❦

Since President Masaryk's son now represents Czechoslovakia at the Court of St. James, England has a peculiar interest in the family. When the clouds have all rolled by and even Mussolini has been laid to rest, it is a fair bet that Masaryk will emerge as the greatest as well as the finest statesman in Europe after the war.

Switzerland steps to the fore in this issue. The Economic Conference at Geneva, which even the outlawed Russians are attending, has focused our attention on League headquarters once more. We are also glad to turn to the impartial Carl von Schumacher for a clear view of Mexico, unclouded by oil interests or indignant Democrats. René Schaerer's name combines the two national stocks which go to make up his little mountain republic of hotel keepers, yodelers, bell ringers, and cheese manufacturers. His observations on England read a little like those of another distinguished foreign visitor, George Santayana.

❦ ❦ ❦

Robert Kempner, unlike some experts on Albanian affairs, wrote his observations on the spot. It is only natural that a German should bring out some of the hypocrisy of which the Great Powers have been guilty in settling this little country's hash with plenty of garlic and a side order of spaghetti.

❦ ❦ ❦

Massimo Bontempelli first appeared in the *Living Age* last fall, when we published another of his fantastic stories, 'The Elevator Man.' It is only a question of time before some astute American publisher takes him up and introduces more of his bizarre work to our jaded public.

❦ ❦ ❦

John Charpentier contributes regularly to the *Mercure de France*, which is the paper Remy de Gourmont used to edit when in his prime. Appearing, like the *Living Age*, on the first and fifteenth of the month, it presents long literary articles and pages of critical reviews on every subject under the sun, from Finnish literature to ethnography. Needless to say, such a learned periodical would not take feminine fiction quite as seriously as some of our own Prize Committees do.

❦ ❦ ❦

General Nobile flew across the North Pole last summer. This year he is coming to the United States instead. Anyway, it's a change of air.

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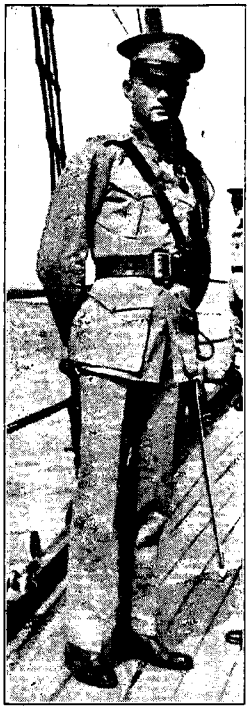

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his book, if he will do one, on
this Nicaraguan business."

So said the New York *World* editorially when it heard that Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr., was with the Marines in Nicaragua. Capt. Thomason has done, not a book, but a remarkably fine article which leads the

JULY

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Marines See the Revolution

by John W. Thomason, Jr.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, author of "Fix Bayonets!" and "Red Pants"

The Lines of Blue and Gray Thin Rapidly

The Grand Army of the Republic is almost a memory. The stirring days of Gettysburg near their sixty-fourth anniversary, and the veterans answer the last roll call one by one.

OLD SOLDIER *by* Charles J. McGuirk

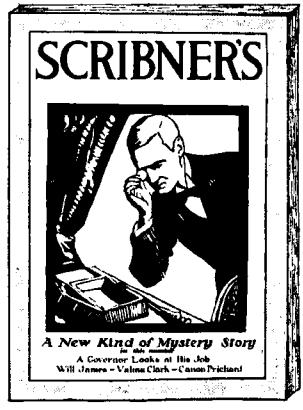
in the July Scribner's Magazine

brings a mist to your eyes and a curious exaltation to your hearts. It is a story breathing the spirit of America.

"Three Cheers for Scribner's" — Exclaims K. S. in the *Boston Transcript*

"Readers of this column who like good mystery stories and who by any chance missed the first installment of "The 'Canary' Murder Case," a Philo Vance detective novel by S. S. Van Dine, should immediately go out and procure a May copy of Scribner's Magazine, in which it began. We have read the first few chapters in last month's number and are looking forward to a thrilling time of it this afternoon when we will absolutely refuse to do any work until we have read the June chapters!"

This was written on May 28 and now K. S. has had another thrilling afternoon, because the July number is now on the stands. Wouldn't it be great to have three instalments all in one? If you can't procure the first two numbers at your news stand write to the circulation manager, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and let him tell you about the very attractive offer by which you can procure one of the few remaining copies of the first two numbers.



Fifteen Other Excellent Features in the

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Scribner's Magazine

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